

MAXIM

Big Bang Theory's **KALEY CUOCO**

SPLITS
OUR
ATOMS

GUZZLING
TO GLORY
THE
WORLD
SERIES
OF
**BEER
PONG**

Global
Warming
THE
HOTTEST
GIRLS FROM
AUSTRALIA,
TURKEY
& NEW
JERSEY

Sex
CHEAT &
DON'T
GET
CAUGHT
Women
Tell You
How

march
madness
THE
23
MOST
AWESOMELY
AWFUL
MOMENTS IN
**COLLEGE
SPORTS**

**Arturo
Gatti**
WAS
BOXING'S
TOUGHEST
BRAWLER
SLAIN?

5318008
(TYPE THIS INTO YOUR
CALCULATOR AND
TURN UPSIDE DOWN)

MARCH 2010

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MAXIM Features

MARCH 2010



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ON THE COVER:
Photograph by Chris Fortuna; styling, Kemal and Karla/The Wall Group; hair, David Gardner/Solo Artists/David Gardner Hair; makeup, Spencer Barnes/Solo Artists/Kieh's; manicurist, Debbie Leavitt Cloutier Agency/Sheswai Lacquer; production assistant, Nick Stinson; shirt, Kiki de Montparnasse; bra and shorts, La Perla; boots, Isabel Marant

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Celebrity Beach Watch!

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SEXY IN THE SAND.



LINDSAY LOHAN

The troubled yet hot starlet strolls the shores of Maxim.com every day!

KEELEY HAZELL

England's beaches are only made bearable by this British bombshell and her two special friends!

RIHANNA

A Barbados native, she's no stranger to sun, sand, and dudes creepily watching her. So join in!

SHE GETS MORE NAKED OR WHATEVER ONLINE!

GOMES GONE WILD!

MORE HOT SHOTS OF AUSTRALIA'S BADDEST BABE.

Maxim.com, the Internet compubot cyber version of Maxim magazine, has thousands and thousands (maybe even bazillions?) of images of the hottest girls this side of cyberspace, including more pictures from Jessica Gomes' sizzling photo shoot (p.78). Start typing that URL now!

ELSEWHERE ON MAXIM.COM



IRISH LASSES

In honor of the green-dye-caked holiday of St. Pat's, we have a collection of the most magically delicious ladies from the Emerald Isle.



MARCH MADNESS

Do you only enjoy B-ball if you know there's a math final after the game? Head to Maxim.com for all you need to soak up the insanity.



OSCARS! SERIOUSLY!

Hey! Every movie that came out in 2009 is nominated this year, so we'll help you sort out why you should care. Or totally not!

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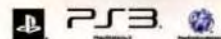
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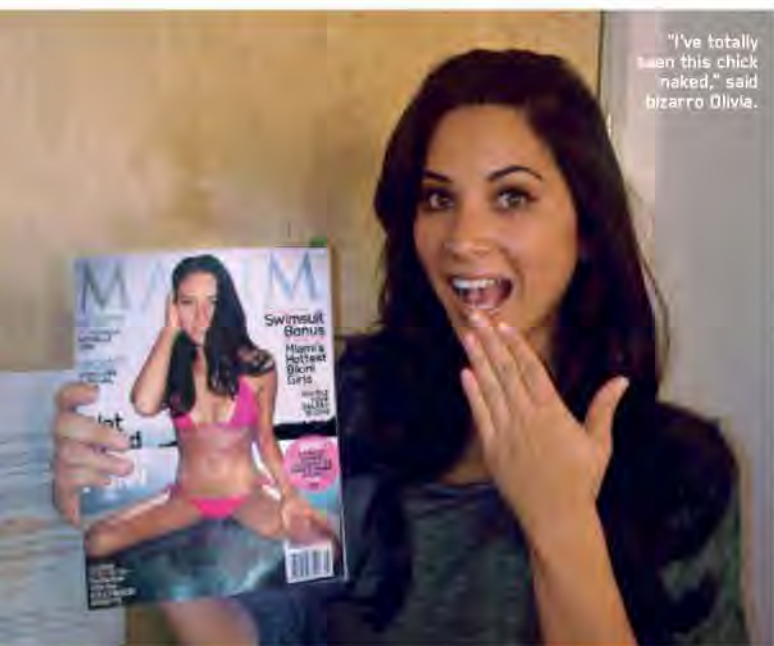


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letters

MAKE US FEEL LOVED—OR HATED!

Drop us a line at letters@maxim.com. We're waiting, jerks....



FAIR AND UNBALANCED

WE CAN'T TELL WHO OUR READERS LOVE MORE: OLIVIA MUNN OR GLENN BECK.

Munn's the Word

I am a total gamer and a geek, and I love Olivia Munn. Thanks for adding her to the *Maxim* roster! I bought the *Playboy* issue she was in a few months ago, and it totally sucked. *Maxim*'s a true men's magazine and not a *Cosmopolitan*-type rag like *Playboy*!

Daniel Agundiz Fort Stockton, TX

If Olivia were on our fantasy roster, she'd definitely hit cleanup. That girl knows how to swing a bat! And Helen Mirren would be the creepy coach who watches us shower after the game. Towel please?

Love Ya Olivia!

Your pictorial on Olivia Munn is absolutely amazing. I didn't even know who she was till I received the January 2010 issue. My girlfriend will kill me if she reads this, but if I could describe the perfect woman, Olivia Munn is it! Olivia, will you marry me... and my girlfriend?

Sam Virginia Beach, VA
You're in luck, Sam! Olivia is an ordained minister, and she'd be happy to marry you two crazy kids!

Maximum Enjoyment

I've been an avid reader of *Maxim* for three years now, and the January issue was your complete package. Not only did you have great articles ("The Drinking Man's Guide to the Hangover," profiles of Allen Iverson and Travis Pastrana), but you also had the most gorgeous girls I've ever seen in one issue: Olivia Munn, Julia Voth, Rachelle Leah, and my future ex-wife, Stephanie Pratt. This is an issue to be laminated!

Jesse Naugatuck, CT

We don't care what you do with the issue behind closed doors, but please don't ever write to us again about "laminating" it, you filthy animal.

The Heat Is On

As a physician who drank enough in college that he had to go to a Caribbean medical school, I enjoyed the January article on the hangover. But I can tell

you that the cures you listed are not the answer. I've dedicated my life to finding the perfect hangover remedies. The only problem you might have? You do need a doctor friend to prescribe them. That's something you might not have access to. So I would be willing to hook up any *Maxim* employees. You guys deserve it.

Andrew Pastewski, M.D.

Miami, FL

Does the Caribbean Hippocratic oath include, "I shall not be a buzz-kill and will hook up my bros (before the hos) with goofballs, greenies, and the gankiest of gank"? Well, thanks, Drew! We'll be sure to beep you next time we're in Miami!

PRIZE IDIOTS!

I don't know if you still give prizes to anyone who finds errors in the magazine, but on page 19 of the January issue, the Career Corner article has the title "The Five Least Manly Jobs in the FBI." Only problem? You dummies showed four jobs! **Mike Waters** via e-mail

The missing job? The editor's who screwed up and wrote four instead of five. Thanks to your letter, he's been fired. His wife left him, and his kids have gone hungry. Here's a pair of Vizio 3-D glasses. Captain Eagle Eye. Enjoy!



FOX YOU! WE SAID GLENN BECK WAS A JERKFACE, AND YOU SAID WE WERE THE JERKS. YOU JERKS!

Snooki won't return my calls!



"I had to leave Details magazine because of their liberal bias. I'd hate to do that with a magazine I enjoy!"
—Shervin Italian

"I get it. While Glenn Beck is likely right, you just don't like how he delivers the news."
—James Adam

"Don't take the side of those un-American socialist bastards—The New York Times and CNN!"
—Jason Gold

"Glenn Beck is a great patriot who is right about pretty much everything."
—Dr. Chris Hekimian

"You guys nailed it. Glenn Beck is a total dickweed!"
—Glenn Beck's mom
[Ed. note: We're pretty sure this last letter is not actually real.]

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jokes

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A cop visits a redneck on a hot day. He observes the redneck's dog tied under a tree, going crazy and obviously in heat. He says to the redneck, "Your dog is in heat." "No," says the redneck, "she's under a tree in the shade." "No," says the cop, "your dog needs to be bred!" "Nah," says the redneck, "she just ate." "No," says the cop, "your dog needs to have sex!" "Oh," says the redneck, "go ahead—I always wanted a police dog!" **Jon Tanz**

Naked Cowboy

A sheriff sees a cowboy walking down the street with nothing on but a cowboy hat, a gun, and boots. He arrests him for indecent exposure.

The sheriff asks, "Why the hell are you walking around like this?"

The cowboy says, "This pretty redhead asks me to go home with her. We go inside, and she pulls off her skirt and asks me to pull off my pants, so I did. Then she pulls off her panties and asks me to pull off my shorts, so I did. Then she gets on the bed and says, 'Now go to town, cowboy!' So here I am."

Chris Duhamel

Slip of the Tongue

Joe has a broken leg. Mike comes over and asks, "How you doin', Joe?"

Joe says, "Do me a favor: Run upstairs and get my slippers."

Mike goes upstairs and sees Joe's gorgeous 19-year-old twin daughters. He says, "Your dad sent me up here to have sex with both of you."

One girl replies, "Get out of here. Prove it."

Mike shouts downstairs, "Hey, Joe, both of 'em?"

Joe shouts back, "Of course, both of 'em! What's the point of fuckin' one?"

Kevin Berton

Locomotive Love

A man and a woman who have never met find themselves in a sleeping car on a train.

Tired, they fall asleep—he in the upper berth, she in the lower.

Later on the guy leans down and wakes the woman, saying, "Would you be willing to reach into the closet and get me a second blanket?"

"I have a better idea," she replies. "Just for tonight, let's pretend we're married."

"Great idea!" he says.

"Good," she replies.

"So get your own damn blanket."

After a moment of silence, the man farts.

Dan Dailey

THE HA-HA LIST BY MICHAEL BRUMM

Résumé Power Words for Porn Stars

Decrabbed

Horse penis

Hermaphrodited

Load-bearing

Orifice-friendly

Engorged

Pepsi can-like

PowerPoint-proficient (good for any résumé)

Throbbed

Tri-curious

I don't care how expensive it gets, I say gas is still a bargain if you're sniffing it. Even at \$4 a gallon, how many drugs do you buy by the gallon?



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JANUARY'S WINNER

"The swine flew!"
Vincent Coca

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A MAXIM VIEW OF THE WORLD

MY FIRST TIME:

MONICA KEENA

She has exterminated evil in horror flicks like *Freddy vs. Jason* and the upcoming *Night of the Demons* remake, and the supernatural has never looked so sexy.

Eavesdrop on Monica's most memorable firsts.

PHOTOGRAPH BY KAYT JONES



First Satanic Smackdown

"The Night of the Demons" script said, "Then she goes into Rambo mode. So I got to wrap the brass knuckles around my hands and load my shotgun with old rusty nails. It was definitely the first time I ever cocked a shotgun and said, 'Come and get me, motherfucker!'"

First Stripper Fight

"My friend thought it would be hysterical to have a party at Jumbo's Clown Room, this really seedy strip club in L.A. At one point she put a little cake on the stripper stage, and the stripper got upset. She kept pushing me, and I guess the Brooklyn in me came out. I was like, 'Bring it on!' But we just left. I totally almost fought a stripper over a birthday cake."

First Girl-on-Girl Kiss

"It was in *Night of the Demons*, and I was nervous because I'd never kissed a girl at all. But the girl actually had to kiss Shannon Elizabeth later, and she said I was a much better kisser. I was like, 'Yes!'"

First S&M Scene

"For my dominatrix role in a movie called *Fifty Pills*, I got a whip and a full-on leather cat suit. They brought me all these poor guys who were on their hands and knees in masks, and I kept whipping

them. After a couple of takes, they were like, 'You don't have to do it that hard!'"

First Phone Sex Attempt

"I didn't know how to play along. He'd be like, 'I'm taking off your bra,' and I'd be like, 'No, I still have it on!' I was too young to understand what I was supposed to be doing on the other end of the line." —Shanté Cosme

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TURKISH DELIGHT

FROM MAXIM TURKEY, IT'S MODEL-TV HOSTESS

SIMGE TERTEMİZ.

CAUTION: SAYING HER NAME MAY GIVE YOU A TONGUE CRAMP.

You were Maxim Turkey's first cover girl. Did you ever think your life would turn out like this?

One day when I was 14 years old, I was walking around with my mom, and I remember that I showed her the tabloids and said, "One day you will see me on these, Mama!" And that happened. I wore my crown, represented Turkey in an international competition, became an actress, and saw myself on tabloids.

How does a guy get your attention?

It's about the chemistry between two people. If I don't want him, whatever he does is not important—there is no possibility. If you are a positive guy and if you can give me that impression, you will have a chance.

What's the best compliment you have ever received?

I'm 21 years old, and it's always the same thing: "You are gorgeous, you are very beautiful. Blah-blah-blah." I know that.

Do you like being single?

Nah. Actually, I'm a love bug. I don't like staying at home by myself, lonely. There should be someone with me all the time. Loneliness is not for me.



FIVE FUN FACTS ABOUT TURKEY

- 1 In the 17th century, anyone caught drinking coffee was clubbed to death.
- 2 It is illegal to make fun of Turkey in Turkey.
- 3 The mayor of the city of Batman, Turkey wanted to sue Warner Bros. for use of the name Batman in *The Dark Knight*.
- 4 It is the home of Sultan Kosen, who at 8'1" is the tallest living man in the world.
- 5 Also, it is the home of Sara the Walrus, who dances and plays the sax.

You'll never complain about Turkey leftovers again.

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Yes, you can get extra-crispy wings right where a few hundred unarmed student protesters were gunned down and run over by tanks. And this is no understated slinger of fried chicken—the 12,000-square-foot behemoth is the world's largest. That's a basket of fun!

2 PIZZA HUT AT THE PYRAMIDS

Should you ever visit the Great Pyramid of Giza, save some room for deep-dish deliciousness. A Pizza Hut sits just steps away from this wonder of the ancient world, taunting the noseless Sphinx with the smell of American ingenuity. King Cheops must be rolling around in his tasteful 13-acre, 452-foot-high grave.

3 MCDONALD'S IN THE LOUVRE

Last December the Golden Arches opened in Le Carrousel du Louvre, an underground approach to the home of the *Mona Lisa*. The beret set is up in arms, but as Americans we have to ask: Is it really less of a selling point if the Code of Hammurabi smells like a McGriddle?

4 SUBWAY AT GROUND ZERO

Apparently freedom tastes a lot like sweet onion chicken teriyaki. Sitting atop a crane being used to build the Freedom Tower is the world's oddest Subway, which will rise along with the building's construction (all the way to the 105th floor) for hungry hard hats. Thankfully, it also has an attached bathroom. —Mike Olson

BEST SUPPORTING MUSTACHES

THESE CRUMB CATCHERS DESERVE AN AWARD OF THEIR VERY OWN.



ANTHONY EDWARDS
TOP GUN

Edwards later shaved off his homoerotic humdinger for his role on *ER*, but somewhere in this crazy universe lies a pile of trimmings that still tastes of Tom Cruise.



BURT REYNOLDS
SMOKEY AND
THE BANDIT

If only the hair on Mr. Reynolds' head grew as well as the hair on his lip, he wouldn't have racked up a \$121,796.62 bill with a spurned toupee maker.



WILL FERRELL
ANCHORMAN

This just in: Walter Cronkite might have been the most trusted man in America, but Ron Burgundy wins the Emmy for the most trusted—and most perfectly groomed—manstache.



MARIAH CAREY
PRECIOUS

The director's attempts to make this diva as homely as possible clearly failed. We haven't seen a mustachioed person this sexy since, well, the previous entry. —Lisa Freedman

A king once offered me a generous
gift if I revealed my distillation
process. But I thought, what am I
going to do with Prussia?

John Jameson

JAMESON

TASTE ABOVE ALL ELSE™



MARCH MATHNESS

APPLY THESE SECRET BRACKET CODE BREAKERS AND DRAIN THE OFFICE POOL INTO YOUR WALLET. PREPARE TO TAKE ALL THE FUN OUT OF ROUND BALL!



FINALS FIRST

You should know this already, but don't agonize over first-round games. Pointwise, Final Four picks win brackets. "Always lay out the championship and work backward from there," says University of Mississippi fantasy sports researcher Kim Beason.

A DOZEN'LL DO

Since 1979, when the NCAA began ranking teams in the tourney, no team seeded lower than 11th has made it to the Final Four. The lesson: "Be sure the combined rank of your Final Four teams is less than 12," says Beason.

EIGHT NOT SO GREAT

The No. 9 seed has beaten the No. 8 seed in 54 percent of first-round games. "That's a coin toss," says Beason. Plus, only two No. 8 seeds have ever made it to the championship game, so there's very little chance your pick here will make or break your bracket.

FIRE A FEW BIG GUNS

Last year was the only time the Final Four was made up of all No. 1 seeds. Statistically, some top seeds will most likely fall in the third or fourth round.

DO SOME HOME-COURT HOMEWORK

Have no life? Good. Then you'll have plenty of time to check out the home games of every team in your Elite Eight. A team that squeaks out home wins against lesser teams is in reality the weaker squad. Count on those hyped teams to drop out by the semifinals.

MEDDLE WITH THE MIDDLE

No. 12 seeds knocked out No. 5 seeds 32 percent of the time; No. 11 seeds beat No. 6 seeds 31 percent of the time; and No. 10 seeds ousted No. 7 seeds 39 percent of the time, according to Georgia Tech stats researcher Joel Sokol. So, math 'tard, pick your upsets in the middle and advance at least one No. 10, No. 11, and No. 12.



CRAZY-OKE!

DEBASE YOURSELF AT AMERICA'S WILDEST KARAOKE PARTIES.

1 PORN STAR KARAOKE

Sardo's Grill and Lounge
Burbank, CA

Scene: Spray-tanned porn chicks and skeezy stroke-flick directors molest the mike at this dive bar's popular Tuesday night screamfest. Try not to be distracted by the overwhelming scent of baby wipes and Ron Jeremy's recently touched balls.
Playlist: "Like a Virgin," Madonna; "My Neck, My Back," Khia; "Sister Christian," Night Ranger

3 STRIPPAROCKE

Devils Point
Portland, OR
Scene: The tattooed, Suicide Girl-type dancers at this "rock'n'roll strip club" might accidentally kick you in the head during your song because they're swinging on the pole next to you, but remember that some weirdos (like us) pay extra for that.
Playlist: "She's Lost Control," Joy Division; "Talking in Your Sleep," the Romantics; "Holiday in Cambodia," Dead Kennedys

2 MODEL KARAOKE

Cipriani Downtown
New York City

Scene: Barely legal Estonian mannequins warble off-key to the delight of the oily party promoters who sent a Town Car to the "model dorm" to ferry them here. Don't leave your drinks unattended, ladies!
Playlist: "Russian Roulette," Rihanna; "I Touch Myself," Divinyls; "Don't Cha," Pussycat Dolls

4 PUNK ROCK HEAVY METAL KARAOKE

Fontana's
New York City

Scene: Plaid-shirted hipsters and American Apparel-bedecked hotties semi-ironically kick out the jams in front of a live band that has seen a million faces and rocked 'em all since 1999.
Playlist: "The Number of the Beast," Iron Maiden; "Where Eagles Dare," Misfits; "Jailbreak," Thin Lizzy
—Chris Wilson

NOT SO GRAND THEFTS TIMES ARE TOUGH—AND PEOPLE ARE STEALING SOME SURPRISING CRAP.

BOOKS

> On November 10, 2009, 12 people were indicted on felony charges for stealing almost \$90,000 worth of beat-up books from libraries in Maryland. Each thief faces 15 years in prison—with nothing to read.

CHEWING GUM

> In Connecticut on November 1, 2009, a man was charged with stealing \$175 in gum, while another man allegedly pocketed \$800 worth of Orbit. Their minty breath will win many fans in the prison showers.

EMPTY KEGS

> Approximately 300,000 empty kegs were stolen from bars and breweries in the United States back in 2007. Last summer the trouble spread to the U.K. Any-one up for the lamest keg party ever?

HISTORIC CANNONS

> Metal thieves in Vallejo, California have taken to stealing 1,500-pound Civil War-era cannons. If you can walk away with one of those things hidden under your sweater, you've earned it, we say.

YOGA MATS

> Bendy patrons of high-end yoga studio Kula Yoga Project in New York City have stolen \$2,240 worth of the facility's fancy eco-friendly mats. Haven't these people ever heard of karma?
—Lisa Freedman





MAXXIMUM PERFORMANCE



TenagaXX™—Your Pit Crew in a Pill

Turbo-charge your sexual vitality with TenagaXX™—the herbal supplement that keeps you ready for action.* A virtual pit crew in a pill, TenagaXX™ unlocks Malaysian rainforest secrets to deliver energy, stamina, and power to maXXimize your performance.* Enjoy ultimate satisfaction that you—and your partner—will appreciate. Supported by centuries of traditional use, the herbs in this daily supplement help promote healthy testosterone levels. Go the distance, and get supercharged with TenagaXX™.



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*These statements have not been evaluated by the Food and Drug Administration. This product is not intended to diagnose, treat, cure or prevent any disease.
†Also branded under Tenaga using the same product formulation.

GOT
A DUMB
QUESTION?

Send your
brain-busters to
ask@maxim.com.

Ask Maxim

This month, explaining the danger of punches to the kidney, creepy left-handed people, massive swells, and organic batteries!



What happens during a kidney punch?

GENE SMITH, WICHITA, KS

- 1. CONTACT.** WHEN SOMETHING STRIKES THE KIDNEY—NOTES LADAN GOLESTANEH, M.D., OF MONTEFIORE MEDICAL CENTER IN THE BRONX, N.Y.—YOU CAN EXPECT MASSIVE AMOUNTS OF PAIN FROM YOUR FLANK TO YOUR UPPER ABDOMEN, PLUS POTENTIAL “NAUSEA, VOMITING, FAINTING.” GOT IT? NOW WE CAN GET TO THE REAL PROBLEMS.
- 2. BEST CASE.** TYPICALLY, THE ONLY EFFECT OF A KIDNEY PUNCH IS SOME DAMAGE TO SMALL BLOOD VESSELS IN THE KIDNEY. THIS WILL HAVE YOU PEEING BLOOD—HEMATURIA—FOR A FEW DAYS. IT SHOULD HEAL BY ITSELF, THOUGH DR. GOLESTANEH SAYS YOU SHOULD BE CONCERNED IF THE RED WEE “GETS WORSE OVER TIME INSTEAD OF BETTER.”
- 3. NOT-SO-BEST CASE.** THE IMPACT CAUSES A TINY TEAR IN THE RENAL ARTERY, WHICH IS THE MAIN BLOOD VESSEL SUPPLYING THE KIDNEY. A TEAR CAN CAUSE A POCKET TO FORM THAT STOPS BLOOD FROM REACHING THE KIDNEY, POTENTIALLY KILLING IT. A LARGER RENAL RIP CAN LEAD TO SEVERE INTERNAL BLEEDING. YOU WON’T BE IN PAIN SO MUCH AS LOOPY FROM THE BLOOD LOSS WITHIN FIVE TO 10 MINUTES. STRAP ON A HELMET AND PREPARE TO DROP.
- 4. WORST CASE.** IF THE MEMBRANOUS SHEATH SURROUNDING THE KIDNEY IS RUPTURED, BLOOD CAN GATHER, THEN “ACTUALLY EXPLODE FROM THE PRESSURE AND YOU CAN BLEED OUT.” THIS WILL HAPPEN WITHIN 10 MINUTES AFTER THE TRAUMA, AND DEATH IS POSSIBLE WITHIN 20 IF YOU DON’T GET PROPER MEDICAL ATTENTION. IT’S UNLIKELY TO BE CAUSED BY A PUNCH, BUT EXPLAINS WHY BOXING BANS THE KIDNEY BLOW (ALONG WITH EYE GOUGING AND HONEST MANAGEMENT).

WHY ARE MORE PEOPLE RIGHT-HANDED?

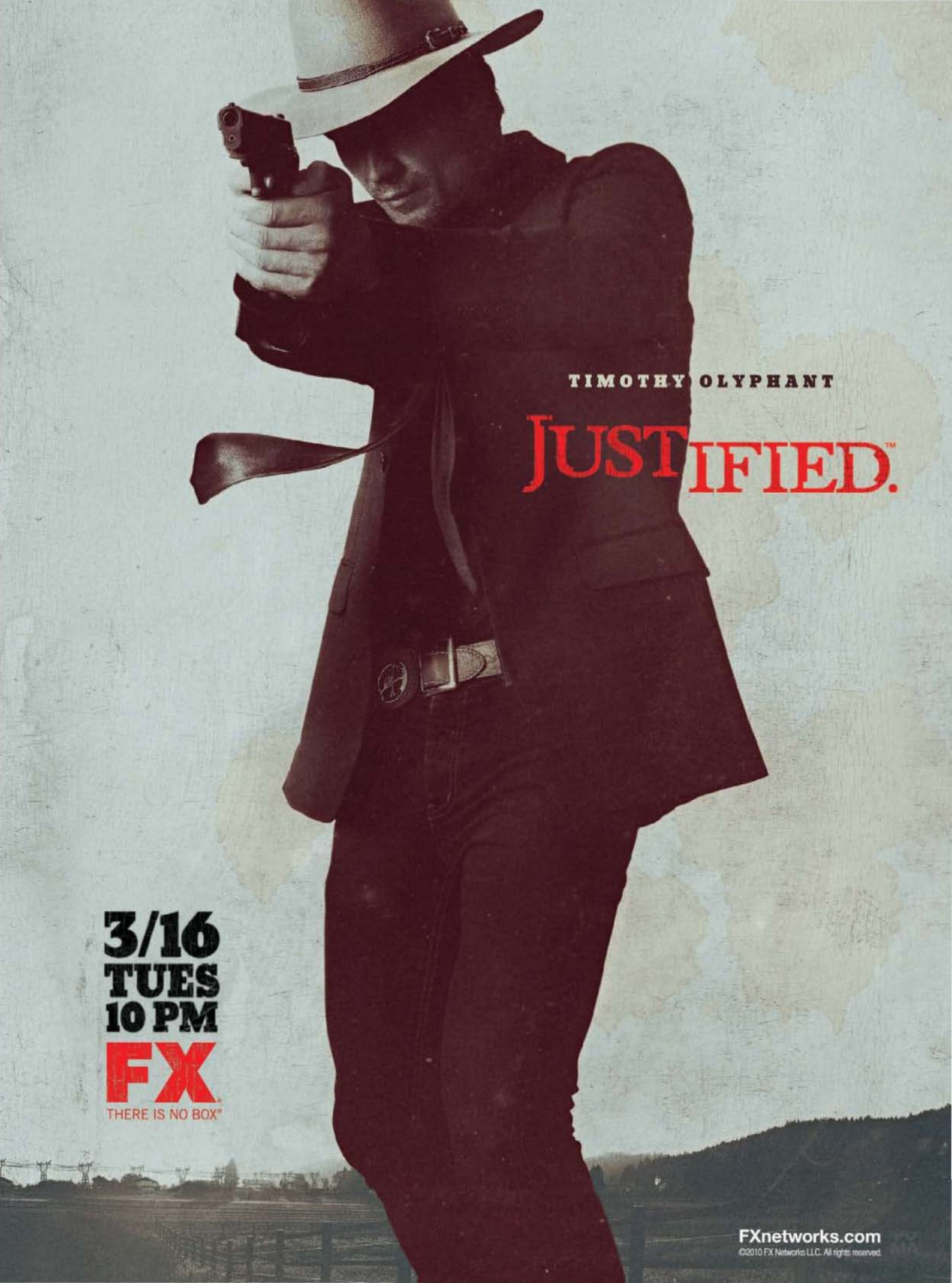
Gerald Stangton, Turlock, CA
Psychology professor Michael Corballis at the University of Auckland has a theory: Lefties have brains that make them prone to extinction. In 95 percent of righties, the brain’s left hemisphere handles language and speech; the right, emotion and processing images. Eighty percent of southpaws have these chores performed by both sides, which can cause inefficiency, making them slower and easier to eat. On the bright side, discombobulated noggins lead to more creativity, enabling lefties such as Michelangelo, da Vinci, and Keanu Reeves!

WHO’S SURFED THE BIGGEST WAVE?

Laurence Botton, Irving, TX
While Kelly Slater and Laird Hamilton get the attention/celebrity tail, less-famous boardmen have reached the greatest heights. The official record is 70-plus feet, set by Mike Parsons at Cortes Bank off the California coast on January 5, 2008. Judges used a photo to ascertain the height of the wave but were unable to determine exactly how much taller than 70 feet it was, since the picture didn’t include the exact base of the tower of water. A fact not in dispute is that it was the equivalent of surfing a six-story building. The unofficial mark is held by Ken Bradshaw, who is believed to have bested an 85-footer at Outside Log Cabins in Hawaii on January 28, 1998, making your boogie board seem sissier than ever.

CAN A HUMAN REALLY BE USED AS A POWER SOURCE, LIKE IN *THE MATRIX*?

Brian Volp, Boston, MA
Sort of! But more like coal than a battery. The Energetically Autonomous Tactical Robot (EATR) is an armed military bot designed to consume organic material for fuel. Some wonder if that means they’ll eat fallen soldiers on the battlefield. Probably not, as the Geneva Conventions categorize desecrating the dead as a war crime, and apparently some people consider “robots eating your corpse” disrespectful. Robert Finkelstein, president of EATR creator Robotic Technology Inc., insists they’re strict vegetarians and would “distinguish vegetative biomass from other material.” But we trust robots only as far as we can throw them.

A promotional poster for the TV show 'Justified'. Timothy Olyphant is depicted in a dark suit, a light-colored fedora, and a dark tie. He is holding a handgun in his right hand, pointing it towards the viewer. The background is a textured, light-colored wall with some darker, mottled areas. The overall tone is gritty and noir.

TIMOTHY OLYPHANT

JUSTIFIED.™

3/16
TUES
10 PM
FX
THERE IS NO BOX®

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Full Metal Jackasses

WE TOOK FIVE GUN-SHY CITY-SLICHER EDITORS TO THE ORVIS SHOOTING GROUNDS IN UPSTATE NEW YORK, AND THEY SOON DISCOVERED WHY (GUNS! EXPLOSIONS! HELL, YEAH!) **THIS EASY-TO-MASTER SHOTGUN GAME** IS ONE OF THE FASTEST-GROWING SPORTS IN THE COUNTRY. HERE'S HOW THEY FARED AND HOW YOU CAN FIRE WAY BETTER. LET'S LOCK AND LOAD!

ASSOCIATE EDITOR

FEATURES EDITOR

SENIOR ASSOCIATE EDITOR

EXECUTIVE EDITOR

SENIOR DESIGNER

JESSE BRUKMAN

DAVID SWANSON

MIKE DAWSON

DAN BOVA

CHANDRA ILICK



THE SPORTING CLAYS CHALLENGE

→ It's easy to understand why this trigger-happy sport is sweeping the nation—it's like golf, but with a friggin' shotgun! Here's how it's played: A typical course has 20 holes—called stations—linked by a trail. Each station has varied trajectories for the clay pigeons (think mini Frisbees) and unique shooting lanes, so in a single solo round (100 blasts) you'll shoot into the woods, over cliffs or ponds, and at any suicidal squirrels. It's so novice-friendly even us pencil pushers scored well. Need proof? Check out our interoffice shootout results.

1

THE SNIPER AWARD

In this mini round, we missed many, except for Chandra, who kept asking us if we worked at Cosmo.
WINNER > Chandra: 23 out of 24 clays
Mike: 19 out of 24
Jesse: 15 out of 24
David: 13 out of 24
Dan: 12 out of 24
 Winner says: "I would have been perfect had Swanson not shrieked every time my gun went off."

2

THE STYLE AWARD

WINNER > (Tie) Chandra and Swanson
Chandra: Um, just look at her. She's a model-caliber gal from Brooklyn who likes guns.
David: Three words: Harris Tweed suit.
LOSER > Mike "Dawson's getup (his own clothes) makes him look like someone who declares his mountain cabin a sovereign nation," says Jesse.

3

WORST WINCE AWARD

WINNER > Chandra During a practice shoot, Chandra's shotgun stock kicked her cheekbone like a cracked-out bronco. Note: She still killed the clay and yelled, "Hell, yes!" Winner says: "Pain lets you know you're still alive! Who's next?"

AND THE
WINNER IS:
CHANDRA

GO GET SOME!
A clays round
costs as much as
18 holes. Find a
course near you at
wheretoshoot.org.



▲ "Be vewwy quiet, we're hunting tail."



▲ Born to kill.



▲ "Is that a gun in your pocket, or are you just happy to see me?"



▲ Real men choose Estate suppositories.



▲ "Wait, is this the right end?"



▲ "How do you like the taste of my pee?"

THE SHOOTERS SAY...

JESSE

"Thanks to six hours spent shooting small clay disks, I feel like I'm ready to wield these mighty weapons for greater purposes, like shooting kids off lawns and cattle rustling!"

DAVID

"Any sport that involves dressing up like a drunken Scottish lord is right up my alley. Sadly, I shot about as well as...a drunken Scottish lord. Pull!"

MIKE

"Best sport ever! Blast clays with a 12-gauge all day, talk shit with your buds, and afterward drink your face off. It's like hunting, but without the blood, entrails, and subsequent dry-heaves."

DAN

"I came to the shooting grounds a liberal New York pansy; I left wanting a *Guns & Ammo* subscription. Message to B-Real of Cypress Hill: I can understand how you can just kill a man."

CHANDRA

"Shooting is fucking radical. I don't know how to explain this God-given talent. All I know is I had the shot and there was no danger, so I took it—repeatedly. Kiss, kiss, bang, bam!"

CLAY-SLAYING SKILLS

FOLLOW THE "FOUR F'S" FROM JOE WASSI, INSTRUCTOR AT ORVIS SANDANONA SHOOTING GROUNDS (ORVIS.COM), FOR INSTANT DEAD EYE STATUS.

FACE

> Plant the butt of the shotgun above and left of your armpit. Now raise the stock so your cheek is firmly against the comb (top). If your mug isn't snug, then say hello to a few hundred pounds of thrust smacking your face. Fun!

FEET

> Stand with feet shoulder width apart, your lead leg a few inches ahead (left foot for righties), knees slightly bent. "Most guys instinctively widen their stance. Don't. If you're too wide, you can't swing the gun freely with the clay," says Wassi. And, hey, stop thinking penis every time you read gun.



FOCUS

> Like in public men's rooms, never wink. Keep both eyes peeled. "And never line up your shot by staring down the top of the barrel or you'll shoot behind the bird all day," says Wassi. "The key is to not aim, just trace the clay and fire."

FOLLOW-THROUGH

> You must pull the trigger as you swing the gun with the clay. "Most novices start the swing but then stop to shoot—and then wonder why they blast behind the target," says Wassi. Combat this by continuing on your swing path after the gun goes off. Stop short of turning the gun on your pals Dick Cheney-style.

➔ **FIRE DRILL:** While waiting your turn, steal this pro practice move: Sans shotgun, point your front hand (left hand if you're a righty) in the air and follow the clay's path with your pointer—follow-through and all. Looks stupid, but it'll net you bull's-eyes.

THE STEEL

If you're in the market, mount one of these preeminent peacemakers.



Stoeger Condor Supreme
\$599 | stoegerindustries.com



Remington Premier Competition STS
\$2,540 | remington.com



Krieghoff K-80 Pro Sporter
\$10,695 | krieghoff.com

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Mix 2 parts ABSOLUT® BERRI AÇAÍ with ¾ part simple syrup and 1 part fresh lemon juice. Shake and serve straight up. Garnish with blueberries.

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RATED

YOUR ULTIMATE ENTERTAINMENT AUTHORITY

NAME: Louis C.K.
YOU KNOW HIM FROM: Stand-up, *Lucky Louie*, *The Invention of Lying*, *Parks and Recreation*
YOUTUBE THIS: "Everything's Amazing, Nobody's Happy"

ALL HAIL KING LOUIS!

ACERBIC COMIC'S COMIC LOUIS C.K. BRINGS HIS DIRTY THOUGHTS BACK TO THE SMALL SCREEN.

Louis C.K. hopes he's luckier with his new FX show, *Louis*, than he was with his ill-fated HBO sitcom, *Lucky Louie*, which was canceled after one season. This time around he plays a libidinous dad who sheds the ball and chain in the hope of getting, well, lucky.

Your *Lucky Louie* character basically screamed, "My life sucks!" When I told the HBO execs, "My baby sucks and I hate my wife, who has assassinated my sexual identity," they nodded and said, "Yeah." Those who have children

understand. Life is pretty damn difficult for most of us.

Who gets more ass, *Lucky Louie* or *Louis*? Definitely *Lucky Louie*. I date on the new show, but I haven't gotten laid yet. On *Lucky Louie* there was one episode that was

all about me trying to make my wife come. We were fighting, but we were fucking.

Would we rather see your *Louis* character frustrated or fucking? Frustrated. I don't think you want to see this character getting any. There isn't much

interesting about that. It's best if he doesn't get pussy.

You refer to blow jobs 15 times during your 29-minute HBO stand-up special. Really? Well, they're a big deal. They've grown to mythological proportions for me.

You also said in your routine that you masturbate like a troll in your basement. True or false? False. I have an office now, so I don't have to go down to the basement. —Ed Condran

Louis debuts this month on FX.

RATED FILM

MOVIE
OF THE
MONTH

SHUDDER ISLAND

WELCOME TO AN ASYLUM ON THE SEA...ONE FILLED WITH OSCAR WINNERS!

Wanna get insane in the brain? *Shutter Island*, Martin Scorsese's adaptation of the novel by Dennis Lehane (author of *Mystic River* and *Gone Baby Gone*) stars Leo DiCaprio as a cop investigating the disappearance of inmate Emily Mortimer. Says Emily, "I had to go mad, so I just yelled." Acting classes, you just paid for yourselves!



THE BUDDY SYSTEM

KEVIN SMITH'S LATEST, *COP OUT*, STARS TRACY MORGAN AND BRUCE WILLIS AS MIS-MATCHED OFFICERS, PROMPTING OUR HISTORY OF INTERRACIAL BUDDY COP MOVIES.

IN THE BEGINNING



THE AWAKENING 1982-85

Film historians widely regard *48 Hrs.* (1982) as a pioneer of the buddy cop movie, conveniently overlooking the fact that only the white guy gets to be a cop.

TRY TO FORGET

Nick Nolte's blatant racism. Exhibit A: "What are you smiling at, watermelon?"

LEGACY

When *Beverly Hills Cop* hits in 1984, it's **Eddie Murphy** who is busting the white cops' chops. A genre is officially born.



THE RENAISSANCE 1986-89

In *Running Scared* (1986), a tap dancer (**Gregory Hines**) and a little Jewish guy (**Billy Crystal**) test the genre's strength. Somehow it endures.

"Sweet Freedom," the Michael McDonald jam from the *Running Scared* soundtrack. Actually, go YouTube it right now. It secretly moves us.

With the dawn of the *Lethal Weapon* series, **Mel Gibson** and **Danny Glover** prove this formula is box office gold—provided one guy is crazy and the other is "too old for this shit."



THE WAYANS DYNASTY 1991-96

Damon Wayans shows **Bruce Willis**-level skill in *The Last Boy Scout* (1991). With **Adam Sandler** in *Bulletproof* (1996), he proves it was a fluke.

Keenen Ivory Wayans getting in on the action, teaming up with **Steven Seagal** to catch a serial killer in the forgettable *The Glimmer Man* (1996).

Like parody films, the genre will never lose the Wayans stink. Though *Boy Scout* did launch **Halle Berry's** career, playing a hot (and murdered) GF.



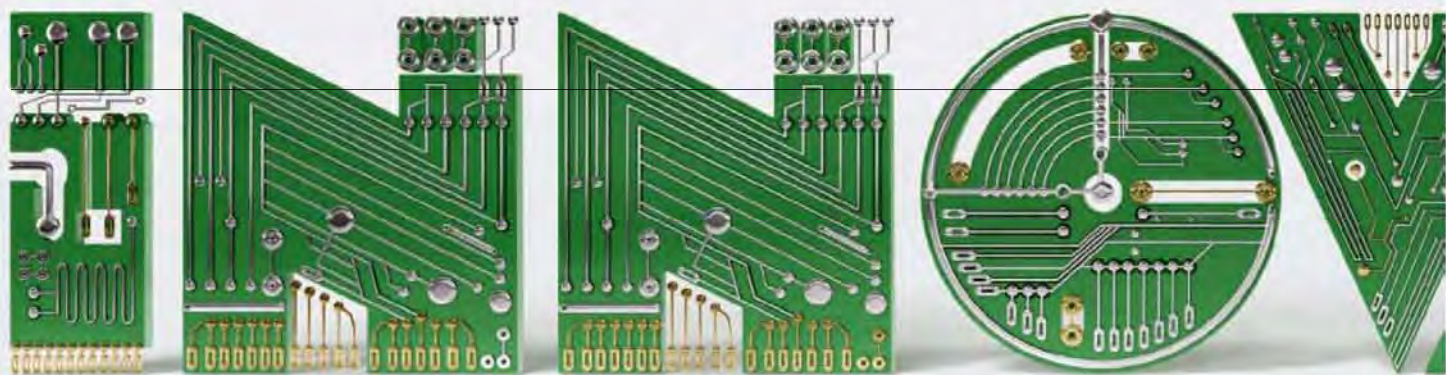
THE DARK AGES 1997-2009

Will Smith and **Tommy Lee Jones** try to rescue the genre with *Men in Black* (1997). Instead, we learn aliens are cooler than wisecracking detectives.

Wild Wild West (1999). We can guarantee you **Kevin Kline** has.

With three popular *Rush Hour* movies, **Chris Tucker** and **Jackie Chan** become the poster boys for crime-fighting diversity. The white man is oppressed once again.

 **TOYOTA**
moving forward



THE CHECKUP

SIFTING THROUGH THE CINEMATIC HEAP.



GREEN ZONE

Matt Damon is an army officer who goes rogue after discovering that a search for WMDs is part of an elaborate cover-up.



THE CRAZIES

In a reimagining of George A. Romero's classic, a small Iowa town is ravaged by violence as its inhabitants are infected with insanity.



ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Tim Burton and Johnny Depp's tweaked take on the childhood favorite has a teenage Alice going back down the rabbit hole.



BROOKLYN'S FINEST

Training Day's Antoine Fuqua helms this crime flick about three conflicted cops from New York City's roughest borough.

MAD MEN

SET IN UNSTABLE TERRITORY

ACTOR-DIRECTOR BROMANCE

CREEPY REMAKE

LOOKING GLASS

PERFECT MAN ASS

OUR TAKE



If you liked Damon as Jason Bourne, director Paul Greengrass thinks you'll enjoy his heaving pecs even more in another action-packed battle against a shady government.



It may be yet another horror remake, but at least it spares us moopy pale tween vampires.



A great way to save money on your next LSD purchase.



With a powerhouse cast (Gere! Snipes! Hawke!), a gritty script, and a slick director, *Brooklyn's Finest* could be a rare thriller with substance.

READ THIS BOOK

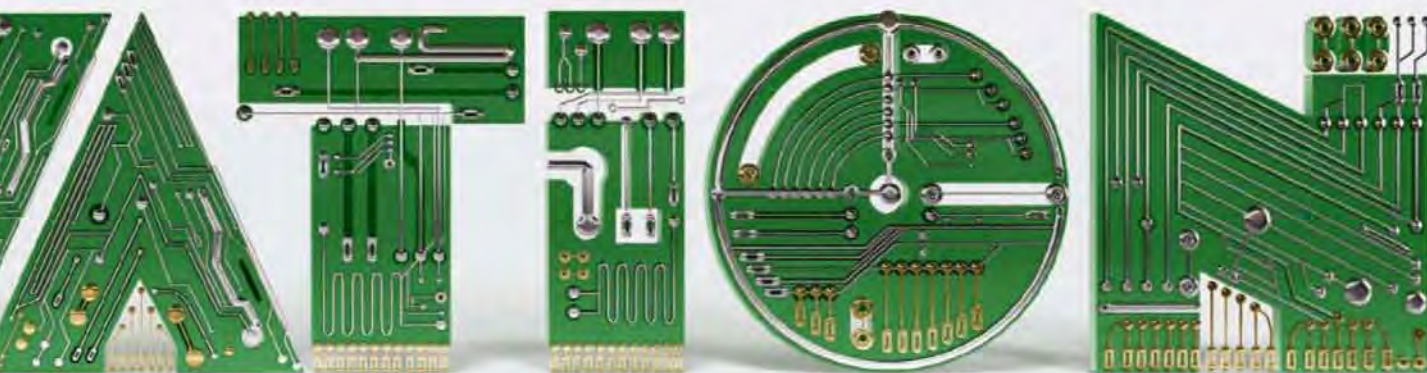
In a new twist on the presidential bio, Seth Grahame-Smith reveals Honest Abe's secret lifelong battle with the undead. **Abraham Lincoln: Vampire Hunter** proves why he truly was our greatest prez. \$22

WATCH THIS FLICK

Catch Ben Stiller at his most indie in **Greenberg**. The *Squid and the Whale* helmer Noah Baumbach's latest features Stiller as a New Yorker trying to restart his life while house-sitting for his brother in L.A.

SET YOUR TIVO

Did you know that when a chameleon goes after its prey, its tongue accelerates five times faster than an F-16? Ditch the reality junk for a night and check out the Discovery Channel's **Life** for freaky facts.



Toyota has more hybrids on the road than all other automakers combined*

toyota.com/innovation



GRAPHIC VIOLENCE!

BLOOD LINES

Stephen King draws blood in the comic book *American Vampire*.

It's taken Stephen King more than 40 novels to attack his first original comic book—what a slacker. With the arrival of Vertigo's *American Vampire*, though, Comic-Con devotees can finally rejoice. For its first five-issue cycle, *American Vampire* chronicles the days and nights of Skinner, a bloodsucking cowboy on a killing spree throughout the Wild West. We asked Scott Snyder, creator of *American Vampire* and King's cowriter, to break down the comic's biggest influences.—Matt Barone



WESTERN FILMS

"Through Skinner you can feel the love of films like *The Wild Bunch*, but he's more like a supervillain, vampire rock star."

goes through hell before she's turned into a vampire. Her story follows that film's woman's-revenge template... It takes sick turns."

were 20 years younger, we would've been like, 'Bill, come model for this guy!'"

THE DEATH OF WIMPY VAMPIRES

"We're not going for *Twilight*. We wanted to do an ad that had Skinner say, 'I don't fucking sparkle.'"

1978's *SPLIT ON YOUR GRAVE*

"*American Vampire*'s female lead, Pearl,

1987's *NEAR DARK*

"It's my absolute favorite vampire movie. If Bill Paxton

DOWNLOAD NOW!

Sade "SOLDIER OF LOVE"

Miss "Smooth Operator" is 51 and foxy as ever on this smooove cut.

R. Kelly "ECHO"

Technically, Kells, what you're doing is a yodel, not an echo—but, hey, whatever gets you off.

Best Coast "WHEN I'M WITH YOU"

A fuzzed-out, surf-tastic gem from blogland's new lo-fi favorite.

David Byrne & Fatboy Slim "HERE LIES LOVE"

The best song about former Filipino first lady Imelda Marcos you're likely to hear all month.

Drake "IT'S BEEN A PLEASURE"

That's what she said! (If the "Forever" ladies' man lives up to his rep, that is.)

Broken Bells "THE HIGH ROAD"

Danger Mouse (of Gnarls Barkley) + James Mercer (of the Shins) = Do we even have to finish this equation?

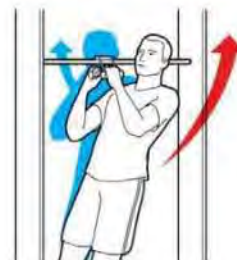
PROTECT YOUR NECK

SOME SHOULDER EXERCISES WILL EFF UP YOUR NECK WORSE THAN DRACULA. SAFE-GUARD YOUR HEAD STEM WITH THESE:



The Upright Row Front Dumbbell Raise

Stand with feet shoulder width apart, a light dumbbell in each hand. Raise up dumbbell as if pointing straight ahead with your fist. Hold for a beat, then lower. Do 10 on each arm. Do three sets. Tweet about your crush on Taylor Lautner while resting.



Behind-Head Pull-Down Commando V-Grip Pull-Up

Balance V-grip handlebar on top of the pull-up bar. Pull yourself up so your head is above the left side of the bar. Lower yourself, then pull up so your head is above the right side. If you can do three sets of 10, you'll be worshiped by all gym rats.

TALES FROM THE STUDIO THE STRAIGHT DOPE ON THIS MONTH'S HOTTEST ALBUMS.



SHE & HIM

VOLUME TWO Indie folkie M. Ward on his second team-up with indie hottie Zoëy Deschanel.

Where the magic happened: "The Village in L.A., Jackpot! and Blue Rooms in Portland."

Three things we can't record without: "A good song, a good room, and good coffee. Portland is home to the best coffee in the world—that's the reason people record here."

The money spent making this album could buy: "An incredible-sounding record player."

The haters will say: "Anything. So it's a good thing they don't matter."



DRIVE-BY TRUCKERS

THE BIG TO-DO Singer Patterson Hood on the Southern guitar heroes' ninth disc.

Three things we can't record without: "The band, some instruments, and our producer, David Barbe. We also have a BB gun that we shoot out back."

Studio drugs of choice: "Beer, wine, whiskey, coffee, and cigarettes. Doing blow off of hookers is so 2002."

This album sounds like a cross between: "I wish I had a smart-ass answer for this. It sounds like Drive-By Truckers, only maybe a little better."



THE WHIGS

IN THE DARK The Georgia garage rockers' drummer, Julian Dario, on their riff-tastic opus.

Three things we can't record without: "A poster of former Atlanta Braves outfielder Otis Nixon, an aquarium with red-white-and-blue-striped fish, and very tiny phones."

This album sounds like a cross between: "An insane clown and a posse."

The money spent making this record could buy: "Braves tickets for Opening Day 2010 for everyone in our hometown of Athens, Georgia (pop. 113,398)."

HELP ELIMINATE ODOR: DON'T JUST COVER IT UP

10x

MORE ODOR PROTECTION COVERAGE
WHEN USED TOGETHER*



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Odor Shield Anti-Perspirant and Body Wash help eliminate body odor instead of just covering it up. **Odor Shield technology** targets and neutralizes body odor at the source. And when used together, you get **10x more odor protection coverage***. So you can perform under pressure.



TARGETS

SHIELD ZEROES IN
ON ODOR



NEUTRALIZES

ODOR COUNTERACTED
AT THE SOURCE



PROTECTS

HELPS ELIMINATE
BODY ODOR

*Total body coverage vs. just using anti-perspirant alone.

Gillette
The Best a Man Can Get™



RATED A HISTORY OF

HOTTIES

TO KICK OFF THE SEARCH FOR **THE NEXT HOMETOWN HOTTIE**, A LOOK BACK AT SEVEN OF OUR SEXIEST PAST VICTORS.

2003 **CHRISTINA**

Studied to be a nurse and listed whiskey as her favorite drink. Perfect girl stereotype much?



2004 **BRITTANY**

Said the Southern belle when handed the crown: "I didn't think I had a chance in hell of winning."



2005 **TAMI**

As champion, Tami went from teaching grade school to dating Dave Navarro. No, seriously!



2006 **KERRY**

A Boca babe from Florida—the land of hot girls, hot summers, and hot home foreclosures!



2007 **ERIN**

Auditioned for *So You Think You Can Dance?* before beating 5,000 ladies in a real contest.



2008 **APRIL**

A deep dish from Chicago, April trained as an EMT: "I wanted to fix broken hearts."



WIN
A TRIP TO THE
HOMETOWN
HOTTIES FINALIST
PARTY!*

Want to go to the best bash of the year and be surrounded by our 10 Hometown Hotties finalists? We thought so!

*No purchase necessary. Open to U.S. residents 21 years of age and older who otherwise satisfy the conditions of eligibility contained in the Official Rules. Sweepstakes will run from February 12, 2010 at 12:01 A.M. EST until March 22, 2010 at 11:59 P.M. EST. Sponsored by Alpha Media Group Inc.

See Maxim.com for full rules.



2009 **KRISTIN**

The current champ, from Turlock, California, won out after a record two million votes were cast!

FOR A GOOD TIME, LIFT HERE ➡

PHOTOGRAPHS (CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT) WILLY CAMDEN, KELLY STUART (2), STEVE SHAW, KELLY STUART (2), ANTOINE VERGLAS, OPPOSITE PAGE, PHOTOGRAPHER, KELLY STUART.



"SOUTHERN GIRLS
HAVE TWO SIDES.
WE'RE SWEET,
GOOD GIRLS
WHEN WE'RE WITH
OUR PARENTS
AND WILD PARTY
GIRLS WITH OUR
FRIENDS."
—KERRY

**Hey,
Ladies!**

Are you
America's next
Hometown Hottie?
Enter at
Maxim.com!

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MUST-PLAY GAME



TO KILL A PREDATOR

ALIENS VS. PREDATOR RETURNS TO WHERE THE SERIES DOESN'T SUCK...THE SMALL SCREEN!

Sci-fi aficionados born after 1987 have never seen a good *Alien* or *Predator* movie in theaters. So we can't blame fans for popping cau-

motion tracker is straight from James Cameron's *Aliens*). Though the three single-player campaigns are more confused than a teenager gently discovering his own body, with silent death just around the corner for the Marine, and the thrill of stalking prey as the Predator or Alien, you'll never notice.

Because the controls for the Predator are tough in the heat of battle, and the Marine is, well, a pair of clown shoes compared to the real stars, the Alien is the way to play in multiplayer. You'll never grow tired of jumping down from ceilings and executing one of the more than 10 unique kill animations in the eight online match types. This game definitely stays frosty, people. —J.B.

HISTORY OF VIOLENCE

Alien-only video games: 18

Predator-only video games: 6

Featuring both: 13

tious—instead of the usual throbbing-boners for *Aliens Vs. Predator*, the game. No need to worry, nerdlings; Sega succeeds in a first-person shooter where two decades of crappy celluloid failed.

Featuring three playable sides—Alien, Predator, and Colonial Marine—*Versus* is loyal to the flicks (the unnerving whup whup of the Marine

WHEN ALISON ATTACKS

Alison Haislip cheats death on G4's *Attack of the Show*.



The airport strip search was off to a promising start.



How'd you land the awesome gig as AOTS's action sports correspondent?

I was bartending in L.A., and one of my regulars dropped by with a friend of his who was a developer at G4. He dug my old-school Nintendo necklace and started quizzing me to see if I knew what I was talking about. Next thing you know, I'm a TV host and get to do all this cool shit for free!

What's the coolest thing you've gotten to do on the show so far?

I've flown in a Red Bull air race plane, trained with a stunt man, fought ninjas, drift-raced cars, and scubaed with sharks. But I didn't get to punch one in the face!

Yeah, on a list of cool stuff you have to do are "go back in time to kill Hitler" and "punch a shark in the face."

Yes! Kill Hitler or punch a shark, definitely.

In all these TV adventures, has anything gone wrong?

For our 1,000th episode, we tried to break the Guinness world record for biggest tweet by hiring a skywriter to draw out a giant penis, using keyboard characters. But apparently we must have hired a drunk pilot, because it came out as complete gibberish! We were crying laughing. —Jesse Brukman

MUST "G" TV

HERE ARE THE FOUR OTHER TOO-HOT-FOR-NETWORKS G4 SHOWS YOU NEED TO BE WATCHING RIGHT NOW.



The International Sexy Ladies Show

G4 gathers the best foreign programs and ads featuring hot women from hot countries. *Caliente!*



Campus PD

Tired of regular ol' *Cops*? Watch uppity undergrads (in their fancy sweaters!) get a taste of JuCo justice... with extreme prejudice.



American Ninja Warrior

Fame-hungry suckers run impossible-to-conquer obstacle courses and get hurt for our amusement.



Web Soup

The surefire formula? Show Internet clips of embarrassing, humiliating, and otherwise hilarious moments, then rub salt in the wound.

SET YOUR TIVO

Television reaches epic new heights in HBO's WWII drama *The Pacific*. Premiering March 14, the 10-part miniseries follows three marines during America's battles with the Japanese. Bonzai!

GET IN THE GAME

God killer Kratos comes to the PS3 for the first time in *God of War III*. Promising battles on top of titans "the size of the Empire State building," this one's for gamers and Greek freaks alike. \$60

ROCK OUT NOW

What do the Stooges and ABBA have in common? They're both getting inducted to the *Rock and Roll Hall of Fame* on March 15. Watch it live on Fuse and waltz down memory lane with your favorite Swedes.

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STUFF

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OH, ITALIA!

LIKE A BRAINY SUPERMODEL, THE NEW FERRARI'S GOT SMARTS AND A SEXY SILHOUETTE. BUT THIS ONE ONLY SMOKES WHEN YOU WANT HER TO.

➤ Given the 458 Italia's future-freaked form, it's clear that Ferrari's new street fighter didn't start from a scrawl on a cocktail napkin in some backstreet Maranello enoteca. From its long, high rear deck and hips to its cuts, creases, and single intake, the Italia's design puts aerodynamics first and romance second, as if it were birthed at the Agenzia Spaziale Italiana. We're perfectly OK with that, since the thing goes dump-in-your-Dockers fast, topping out at a mind-erasing 202 mph. That's faster than the legendary Ferrari Enzo, faster than the Scuderia (a track-star version of the F430 this car replaces) and—most importantly—faster than anything your ex's husband now drives. Here's to the future!—Jesse Will

THE COCKPIT

Bedecked with switches and buttons, the Italia's steering wheel takes its design cues from Ferrari's F1 cars. The most important controls—ignition, lights, wipers, and shock settings—are mounted on the wheel so you can keep your eyes fixed on the junior high kids checking you out.

GRIP 'N' RIP

Ferrari combined an electronic traction control system and limited slip diff into one CPU, which helps the car hold grip in turns. Relax—the nerds in the Ferrari computer lab did the sweating for you.

SPEC CHECK

Estimated price: **\$250,000**
Engine: 4.5-liter V-8
Torque: 398 lb.-ft. at 6,000 rpm
Horsepower: 562
0-60: 3.4 seconds
Date available: June 2010

THE ENGINE

Mounted under glass just in front of the rear axle is the Italia's heart, a 4.5-liter V-8 that wrings out more power for its size than anything else Ferrari's ever created. It's relatively fuel-efficient (for a supercar), making an average of 17 mpg. Your savings at the pump alone could pay for this car by the year 2438!

THE LOOK

If you think science equals sexy, you'll dig the geekiness of Pininfarina's compact design. Every computer-aided curve in its aluminum body exists to help the Italia slip through the air with minimal drag, including a pair of wings hidden in the front bumper that flex at high speed.

NICE PIPES

Open the throttle up to its 9,000 rpm redline and a triple-tip exhaust system—also a Ferrari first—broadcasts its signature rip and snarl to all within earshot. OK, dude? We hear you. We get it. Can you please pull out of the driveway?



Watching donkey wrestling videos makes him ravenous.

NICE CANS

DJ GREGG GILLIS (A.K.A. **GIRL TALK**) GETS DANCE FLOORS BANGING WITH DIZZYING MASH-UPS OF EVERYONE FROM BIGGIE AND THE PIXIES TO BRITNEY AND ELTON JOHN. WE ASKED THE MIX MASTER TO TEST OUT THIS YEAR'S HOTTEST NEW HEADPHONES. TURNTABLES NOT INCLUDED.



BOSE QC15 \$300

Lowdown: Business travelers are drooling over these headphones, which Bose claims kill more noise than ever.

Gregg says: "I'm jamming Masta Ace's 'Born to Roll,' and I'm missing the low end, but the rest is really bright. As long as you're not mastering your album, these'll definitely do the trick."

RATING: ●●●●○



AUDIO-TECHNICA ATH-ANC1 \$130

Lowdown: This ultra-portable pair produces a big sound while canceling 85 percent of outside noise.

Gregg says: "I like these 'cause they're small, and you can hear music even when the batteries die. I wish they had more low range, though—where's the bass?"

RATING: ●●●●○



MONSTER BEATS SOLO \$200

Lowdown: Monster's smash hit Beats by Dr. Dre just got mini-sized.

Gregg says: "Full disclosure: I'm a fan of Dr. Dre. I think these look great, and as I expected, the bass bangs. Now that he's finished up the headphones, when's Detox dropping? Get on it, Dre!"

RATING: ●●●●○



SHURE SRH750DJ \$188

Lowdown: The ear cups rotate so you can rock 'em on one ear when spinning records.

Gregg says: "They're geared more for DJing than viewing movies, but I'd bring 'em on board, since they're tough. And the sound is balanced, with rich bass and a clear high end." —Jesse Will

RATING: ●●●●○



Meet the all-new 2010 GTI. Yes, it's street legal.

The German-engineered GTI will once again lay rubber on American asphalt. With design inspired by the original Mark I, the GTI serves up sharp looks and even sharper performance. The legendary German hot hatch features cutting edge technology that's new for 2010. Like XDS, a highly advanced differential system that helps reduce wheel spin, keeping your Volkswagen safely on track. Add in aggressive twin tailpipes and 31 mpg highway,* and you have a GTI that lives up to its award-winning namesake. Hurry in, the all-new 2010 GTI is going to go fast. Real fast.



Das Auto.

Automobile
magazine

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3 Years or 36,000 Miles of No-Charge Scheduled Maintenance.

Whichever occurs first. Some restrictions. See dealer or program for details.

WAKE UP AND SMELL THE TECH!

JUMP-START YOUR MORNING WITH THIS GREAT NEW GEAR.



day

1/ PHILIPS HF3490 WAKE-UP LIGHT IPOD DOCK

The only thing harsher than waking up next to a sobbing clown is waking up next to a beeping alarm that won't quit. You can set this clock's soft white light to increase gradually, waking you gently over the course of a half-hour. Of course, it plays sound too—nature sounds, radio, or Motörhead MP3s (our vote). \$180



night



MORE STUFF...

2/ MYPRESSI TWIST

Shotgunning a whole cup of coffee is about as pleasurable as an enema. Get the caffeine but save time (and your colon) with this portable espresso maker. Easier to clean and cooler than a tabletop press, the Twist uses a tiny N_2O cartridge for the force needed to extract a concentrated dose of liquid crack. \$169



3/ FUSION POWER SHAVE SET

This battery-powered razor is high-tech and old-school. Avoid pesky stubble patches using the push-button light in the handle. Micro-pulses reduce nicks, and the Art of Shaving's fancy aftershave (included) keeps your face from getting as irritated as a drunken hobo. \$150



4/ WII FIT PLUS

Personal trainers are for soccer moms and meat-heads. Convert your living room into a private athletic arcade with Nintendo's upgraded Wii fitness game. With custom workouts, you can target specific goals, like actually leaving the house one day. \$100



5/ VAPIR N02 VAPORIZER

Nothing cures a hangover like a good old wake 'n' bake to start the day. We mean waking up and baking a cake, of course. Anyway, we have no idea what you would use this rechargeable handheld aromatherapy vaporizer with a digital display for. \$150



BEAT (DOWN) THE CLOCK!

HOW WELL DID THESE CLASSIC ALARM CLOCKS WEATHER OUR GROGGY RAGE?



1. GENERAL ELECTRIC, \$6
Just one old-timey punch left this ticker's case in pieces.



2. SHARP SPC619A, \$6
Rugged! It took boot stomps to shut this guy up.



3. TIMEX EXTRA LOUD, \$11
One extra-hard throw against the wall left this one extra-fucked-up.

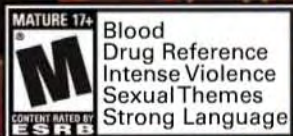


TOM CLANCY'S

After dedicating my life to the service of my country, I'd seen the agency I gave myself to turn around and throw me to the dogs. I'd lost my daughter. I'd shot my best friend. Betrayal made me question everything, so I started looking for answers. Now, I will stop at nothing to learn the truth.

SPLINTER CELL CONVICTION™

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STUFF MY OBSESSION

STRAW MAN

Two-time NBA All-Star forward **Caron Butler** of the Washington Wizards is addicted to straws. Really.



Let's get this straight. Instead of gum, you chew straws?

Yeah. Every time you see me on the court, I'm chewing a thick straw. Gum's boring; I've tried.

Where does one get the good stuff?
Burger King or McDon-

ald's. And sometimes you can catch 'em at 7-Eleven or Starbucks.

How many straws do you go through?
Well, I chew through about 12 a game. It's my nerves. The straws keep me calmed down. But even on days when

I'm not playing, I still chew at least 10. It's a sick fetish, man.

And how many do you think you've chewed your entire life?
I'm 29, so over 500,000.

Who gets them for you?
A ball boy picks 'em up.

A couple of hours before game time, a soft drink will appear on my chair with 25 to 30 straws sitting next to it.

Would your stats suffer if the kid didn't show up?
Stats? Oh, man, I

couldn't. I'd be horrible. I'd have withdrawal.

Do I hear the other players cracking on you in the background?
Yeah. They think it's odd. But I know they're just afraid of picking up the habit. Some already did!—Jesse Will



Butler leads fantasy leagues in crucial "straws chewed per game" category.



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Circuit Training

GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR WITH A DIGITAL RUNNING COACH. STRAP ONE ON AND START FEELING THE SHAME!



GARMIN FORE-RUNNER 310XT \$400

THE LOWDOWN: This wrist warrior (with an included heart strap) captures a mountain of data as you wheeze down the block. Afterward you can go on Facebook and share details like calories burned and your Google-mapped route. **THE GOOD:** It's easy. Plug in the USB stick and your data goes online faster than Lindsay Lohan into rehab. **THE BAD:** Explaining why you're wearing a huge neon-orange wrist computer.

RATING: ★★★★★



POLAR FT7 \$120

THE LOWDOWN: This bare-bones fitness watch works with a chest-strap heart-rate monitor (included) to provide feedback that helps you maximize your effort. Connect it to a \$55 FlowLink computer dock (not included) to save calorie/heart rate 411 at polarpersonaltrainer.com. **THE GOOD:** Data from a whopping 99 workouts can be stored in the watch at any given time. **THE BAD:** It doesn't calculate mileage. And it doesn't look like a Rolex.

RATING: ★★★☆☆



ADIDAS MICOACH PACER \$139

THE LOWDOWN: This tiny gadget plugs into any portable music player and works with a stride sensor clipped to your shoelaces to determine how fast (or slow) you're going. A coach shouts updates over the music when you're tearing it up—or taking your time. **THE GOOD:** MiCoach works with any shoes, and the interface at adidas.com rocks. **THE BAD:** Its British accent might annoy you into quitting mid-run.

RATING: ★★★★★

NIKE+ SPORTBAND \$59

THE LOWDOWN: A USB stick with a built-in digital display slides into a lightweight polyurethane bracelet. After a run, pop the USB into your computer and examine your pace, distance, time, and calories burned at nikeplus.com. **THE GOOD:** It's the simplest gadget we tested, but we found it to be pretty accurate. **THE BAD:** Don't schedule any midnight marathons: The dinky display has no backlight.

—Steven Leckart

RATING: ★★★★★

TOTALLY WORTH IT

HERE'S HOW FAR YOU'LL HAVE TO RUN TO WORK OFF THE GUT-BUSTING BURGER YOU JUST DESTROYED.*

MCDONALD'S ANGUS THIRD POUNDER WITH BACON AND CHEESE
5.6 miles (790 cal.)



FIVE GUYS BACON CHEESEBURGER
5.4 miles (920 cal.)



APPLEBEE'S BREWTVS STEAK BURGER
9.7 miles (1,390 cal.)



*Assuming you're the most fit American (180 lbs, 190 minutes, 1 mile per hour, and like to cardio).



SHAKE WELL
and enjoy...



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sex

BY GILLIAN TELLING



Even Gideon
has a boner.

Have Your Cake...and Eat It, Too

WANT A FOOLPROOF GUIDE TO CHEATING AND GETTING AWAY WITH IT? TAKE SOME TIPS FROM THE PROS: WOMEN.

Tiger Woods, Mark “the Luv Guv” Sanford, Jon Gosselin...All three of these geniuses were busted last year with their three wood in the wrong bunker. While the fact that they had affairs wasn’t shocking, the stupidity with which they conducted them was: Woods tried to bed every fame-whore he laid eyes on; Sanford barely covered his tracks when he went AWOL from South Carolina to join his lady love in Argentina; and Gosselin cavorted with a bevy of bimbos in front of the reality TV cameras that follow him everywhere.

But famous men aren’t the only cheaters. According to a recent MSNBC poll, one in five people in a monogamous relationship has a side piece—and that figure includes women. Yet you almost never read about female betrayal in newspapers and tabloids. Why? Because we’re better at hiding it. Sure, it may be a stereotype to say women are naturally sneakier or more cautious than men. But both of those things just may be true.

So if you’re itching for a fling, you should take a few tips from the ladies. To help your cause, we contacted the most adulterous women we know—most of whom have

never been called on their indiscretions—and pumped them for their best advice on stepping out on a mate. Study up!

1. MAKE YOUR GIRL A GUY.

News flash: Every woman looks at her man’s cell phone log when the opportunity arises. The same goes for sideways glances at your phone when a new text arrives. Is it your friend Joe commenting on the Cubs game? Or is it that *whore in your office you’ve been boning—I knew it, you filthy pig!*

If it is, in fact, that whore in your office, by no means should she be in your phone under her real name—or a female name at all. “A little gender swap has saved my ass numerous times,” says Jessica*, a 29-year-old benefits coordinator. “For a while I was boning a guy named Jake, who was in my phone as ‘Jackie,’ and this other guy Mark, whom I entered as ‘Marcy.’” When her boyfriend asked who this ‘Jackie’ chick was that was texting her all the time, Jess simply said it was a friend she’d reconnected with through Facebook. “Then, for effect, I rolled my eyes and complained about how needy she was,” Jessica says.

Whatever name you choose, just be sure to adjust the settings on your phone regarding incoming texts. Some, like the iPhone, show not only the texter’s name but the message as soon as it arrives. (Doesn’t happen on the BlackBerry, but you should password-protect that thing just in case.) If she sees a message from “Steve” that reads “I want you inside me,” you could have some ‘splainin’ to do.

2. HACKPROOF YOUR LIFE.

If you’ve used the same e-mail password since you got your first AOL account in 1997 and use that same password for other sites, you’re pretty much asking to be spied on. If you’re going to have an affair, you need to create a completely separate e-mail account for your fling. Additionally, you need to log off from that account *entirely* every time you send a message. Hell, quit your browser and clear the cache, too. It’s a simple thing to do, yet one of the biggest safeguards cheaters ignore—myself included.

In college, while stuck in a dead-end relationship, I found myself hooking up with a new guy. Stupidly, I e-mailed him from ➤

*SOME NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED.

sex

my boyfriend's computer and didn't log out. The snoop read my last sent message, and soon after I got a call that included the words "slut," "bitch," and "how could you?" Oops.

3. ALWAYS BE REACHABLE.

"My main rule of thumb is to never give the boyfriend any cause for suspicion, and not getting back to him quickly when he calls or texts would definitely do that," says Kelsey, a 27-year-old med student. Returning phone calls right away can be challenging, especially if the background noise doesn't jibe with your excuse—a quiet motel won't sound like a game with the boys no matter what's on the TV. If she calls and it's a bad time, text back ASAP that you'll call her when you can hear better—even if you're mid-coitus. Or if you stick to this rule as hard and fast as Kelsey does, you could just pick up the phone. "I once answered my boyfriend's call while a fling was doing me from behind," she says, laughing. "I grabbed the guy's thigh to let him know to stop pounding and let me talk, so then he started moving really slowly while I talked to my boyfriend about dinner plans and tried not to moan. The extreme sluttiness of it was actually pretty hot."

4. TAKE IT TO THE GRAVE.

Women are known for running their mouths, but when it comes to our own affairs, we turn into nuns who've taken a vow of silence (except when we're having all that sex). A woman will never flaunt an indiscretion—unlike men, who need to brag about every sexual conquest. Other women are unlikely to be supportive of an affair, probably because every girl has been a victim of infidelity at some point in her life. So most lady-cheats find it's best to keep their slutty ways secret.

Every guy, on the other hand, seems to think the unwritten "bro code" is enough to keep his indiscretions between him and his poker pals, his golf foursome, and his mailman. Remember, men talk, too—especially those in relationships, who always tell their girlfriends and wives about friends' affairs (you know you do this, and you know you do it to look good in comparison). Your best bet is not to tell any of your goofball buddies—and that includes using them for alibis.

5. CHOOSE WISELY.

Perhaps the single most important factor in having your affair go unnoticed is choosing a girl who won't—or can't—throw you under the bus. Remember ESPN analyst Steve Phillips, who had sex with that underling? She sent a graphic letter to his wife outlining their tryst, busting up his marriage and costing him his job. If you must stick it in someone else, don't go with the intern who



follows you around like a lovesick puppy. Instead, try the married colleague you put in long hours with. "I had a great arrangement for a few years with a married guy at work," says Olivia, a 28-year-old ad exec. "We ran the biggest accounts, which meant lots of late nights. We'd wait for everyone else to clear out, and then it was a free-for-all. We had sex in the conference room, on our boss' couch, even under our desks once when we thought the cleaning lady might come in. Then he'd go home to his wife and I'd go home to my cat, and no one was the wiser."

Don't want to fish off the company pier? Open a branch office, like Danielle, a 29-year-old photographer, who cheats only on business trips. "I love my boyfriend, but monogamy is for the birds," she says. "I enjoy fucking new guys, then going home to the man who loves me. I'd never want him to run into them, so I only do it in other cities."

PUBIC RELATIONS

CAUGHT CHEATIN'? TIME FOR A PRESS-CONFERENCE APOLOGY!

Thank you all for being here. First and foremost, I would like to apologize to my [girlfriend/fans/crab-ridden balls] _____. I have let her/them down, acting in a way that violated [my morals/my duties/several prostitutes] _____.

Although I am very good at [governing/hitting a ball into a hole/Halo], _____, I am still flawed as a man. In the weeks preceding this announcement, I have done plenty of [soul searching/fake crying in therapy/women I'm not married to] _____, and I know the road to forgiveness will be [long/arduous/paved with Cheetos] _____.

I will continue to ask [Jesus/Allah/Tom Cruise] _____ for help in my quest for spiritual repair, and I will do everything in my power to restore these broken bonds, even if that means [letting my girl kick my ass/living on \$100M instead of \$750M/writing a tell-all book] _____. All I ask now is that you respect my privacy so that I may begin [the healing process/contemplating my next step/figuring out how to bang new chicks without texting them] _____. Thank you.

6. DON'T DATE YOUR FLING.

"My number one rule for cheating is pretty simple," says Mara, a 30-year-old financial advisor. "Fuck, don't date. Period. Don't meet up for coffee, don't confide in each other about your lives, don't even exchange numbers if you can avoid it. Just fuck." If you find yourself having Tiger-like text exchanges about your psyche and life ("Having an Asian mother and a military father, you can't and will not ever be full of yourself"), you've got bigger issues than run-of-the-mill horniness, and your cheating license should be revoked. Bottom line: Emotional involvement makes you more susceptible to slip-ups.

7. DON'T OVERCOMPENSATE.

It's a classic mistake: You feel guilty or you're just plain terrified of being found out, so you smother your significant other in unusual acts of kindness...and that gets them wondering what's going on. Amanda, a 33-year-old lab technician who tutors for grad school admission tests on the side, was nearly caught by her live-in boyfriend this way. "For three months I was boning this guy I was tutoring. From the first session, the sexual tension was out of hand," she says. "Within 15 minutes he had pushed our workbooks off the kitchen table, laid me on top of it, and started giving me head. We started having sex every time he came over, on Tuesdays and Thursdays. Not coincidentally, I also started making elaborate dinners on those nights, which I'd have ready when my boyfriend got home." Since she typically only cooked on special occasions, Amanda's boyfriend became curious. "He kept asking why I was so inspired, and one night he even said, only half-joking, 'Feeling guilty about something?' Luckily the tutoring stopped right after that, and he never found out." Amanda was fortunate, but the point remains that you should preserve the status quo in your relationship. Don't suddenly start lavishing your girl with gifts. Take a cue from Kobe Bryant: Spoil your woman with jewels after she's caught you cheating. Not before.

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BY MOLLY YOUNG



Cold Comfort

AS YOUR CHECKING ACCOUNT MELTS DOWN, LOAD UP YOUR ICEBOX WITH MAXIM'S TOP 10 FROZEN COMFORT FOODS. BITE IT, WALL STREET!

Quick, name one thing that doesn't suck about economic collapse. Stumped? It starts with a "c" and ends with an "omfort food." It's a fact of human behavior that when the Dow wanders south (along with the temperature), our palates follow—to the greasy, salty realm of American classics. We want nostalgia, and to taste it, look no further than the supermarket frozen-food aisle. That's where you'll find the sexy intersection of cheap and tasty.

Have you awoken your nips in that chilly tundra lately? You should. Human evolution has nothing on the progress frozen entrées have made. C.A. Swanson & Sons introduced the "TV Dinner" back in 1954, and the past 56 years have given birth to more dining options than Octomom and Jon & Kate combined. Of course, not all options are created equal, so to separate the tasty from the vile, we combed the aisles to come up with Maxim's list of the Top 10 Frozen Comfort Foods. Don't leave home without it.



CHICKEN POT PIE

Stouffer's White Meat Chicken Pot Pie (\$4.49)

The qualities you look for in a chicken pot pie are straightforward. One: a crusty crust. Two: juicy meat. Lots of it. The rest—vegetables, gravy—is, well, gravy. Which brings us to our winner, a 16-ounce treasure made by Stouffer's. This pie has a flaky golden crust that emits fragrant steam and gives slightly to the touch. The chicken is succulent, generous (it totally lent us \$20 when we needed it), and swimming in creamy, carrot-flecked gravy. There's even a handful of peas thrown in for good measure. Stouffer's has made the culinary equivalent of shearling slippers: warm, cozy, and likely to be chewed by your dog.

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 4

PORTION SIZE: 5

TASTINESS: 5

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●●



CHICKEN NUGGETS

Tyson 100% All Natural Fully Cooked Breast Nuggets (\$4.39)

Gold nuggets, the Denver Nuggets, chicken nuggets. You can't go wrong with a nugget, and these little fellas are the tops: crispy on the outside and moist inside, with a golden coating boasting just a hint of spiciness. They cook fast and are so tasty they don't even require dippin' sauce, though barbecue sauce never hurt anybody (at least not since the infamous Memphis mesquite tragedy of 1913). The package is big enough to split with a buddy, but you won't want to. Dude licks his fingers just a little too much.

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 3

PORTION SIZE: 5

TASTINESS: 4

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●●



CHICKEN FETTUCCINI ALFREDO

Healthy Choice Chicken Fettuccini Alfredo (\$3.29)

Who would have guessed that the healthiest version of this creamy dish would also be the yummiest? Ignore the sad bundle of veggies ➡

and proceed directly to the main event: giant hunks of chicken nestled among plump noodles, all of it slicked with a rich alfredo sauce. Yeah, the portion size errs on the side of skimpiness—but the entire meal has the caloric value of two dinner rolls, which makes your 2 A.M. Pop-Tart binge guilt-free.

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 4

PORTION SIZE: 2

TASTINESS: 4

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●○



SWEDISH MEATBALLS

Stouffer's Swedish Meatballs (\$3.99)

No exaggeration here: The phrase "balls of heaven" comes to mind when you pop one of these savory meaty treats in your mouth. Juicy, plump, slathered in a rich sour-cream sauce, and buttressed on all sides by thick egg noodles, this entrée is easily the winner in the taste sweepstakes. The dainty flecks of parsley take it over the top. Shovel it into your mouth while watching *Mamma Mia!*, building an Ikea desktop, or having

ing some other form of Swedish fun.

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 5

PORTION SIZE: 4

TASTINESS: 5

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●●



MACARONI & CHEESE

Boston Market Macaroni & Cheese (\$4.29)

Hypothesis: Boston Market hired a physicist to head up their mac and cheese product development department. Proof? Boston Market (brilliantly) chose spiral rotini pasta rather than the traditional elbow macaroni. Yeah, technically this means it isn't *mac* and cheese. But have you seen the way cheese sauce clings to spiral rotini? Nothing short of gooey double-helix perfection!

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 4

PORTION SIZE: 5

TASTINESS: 3

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●○



CHEESE PIZZA

Celeste Pizza for One Zesty 4 Cheese (\$1.09)

First things first. Is this delivery-quality pizza? No. There's a certain flexibility of culinary standards that you have to accept when you buy frozen pizza. Period. That said, Celeste does a pretty good pie. The crust is thin, the cheese tangy, the sauce delicately seasoned with something... herbaceous. Marijuana, perhaps? That'd explain why we devoured eight of these things in one sitting.

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 2

PORTION SIZE: 5

TASTINESS: 3

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●○



LASAGNA

Stouffer's Lasagna With Meat & Sauce (\$5.59)

Easily the Cadillac of cardiac-arrest-inducing carbs. Yes, this dish costs a little bit more than the average frozen entrée, but it also weighs more than a pound, contains three kinds of *queso*, and comes loaded with flavorful sauce and browned meat. What kind of meat? Not exactly sure. Doesn't matter. Tastes great. And if you close your eyes, you can actually visualize a pudgy Italian grandma yanking this out of the oven for you. "You're too skinny—eat!"

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 5

PORTION SIZE: 5

TASTINESS: 5

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●●



MEAT LOAF

Lean Cuisine Meatloaf With Gravy & Whipped Potatoes (\$4.39)

Meat loaf is a tough one: Everyone's mom makes it differently, and everyone's mom makes it best. Most of the test samples were tragic, but this version won by a slim margin. Cons: The interior is slightly dry, but drown it in the surrounding gravy and you'll be fine. Pros: There are six attractive grill marks striping the surface, which have no place on a meat loaf but look pretty cool.

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 5

PORTION SIZE: 1

TASTINESS: 2

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●○



CHEESECAKE

Sara Lee Original Cream Cheesecake (\$5.39)

Here's a tip for the cash-strapped: Sara Lee cheesecake is a steal. For the price of one magazine or four pinball games, you can buy a restaurant-worthy dessert complete with a graham cracker crust, smooth filling, and sour-cream topping. It's big enough to feed six and defrosts in record time. As for the taste, it's so decadent you just want to sneak away to a corner and eat the whole thing with your hands. Bonus: It weighs so much you're likely to burn off all the calories just by lifting it to your mouth. Probably.

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 5

PORTION SIZE: 5

TASTINESS: 5

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●●



APPLE PIE

Pepperidge Farm Puff Pastry Apple Turnovers (\$3.59)

A dessert has to be good if it instantly turns you into Homer Simpson. This flaky apple turnover (not exactly pie, but close enough) nearly does the trick. Glazed-over eyes? Check. Bulldog-like drooling? Check. Moaning? Check. It's got everything an apple pie should have: chopped apples glazed in cinnamon-speckled goo and pastry so buttery it'll have you speaking in a French accent. The only thing missing is the haggard diner waitress, whom—thank you very much—we can do without. Eat up.

NOSTALGIA FACTOR: 5

PORTION SIZE: 2

TASTINESS: 4

FROZEN FUN FACTOR: ●●●●○

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TODAY IS
[**YOUR LUCKY DAY**]
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“
I’M OBSESSED WITH
DOING THINGS
THAT MAKE ME FEEL
WILD AND CRAZY.”
”





AS PENNY, THE KNOCKOUT NEXT DOOR

on CBS's geektastic hit *The Big Bang Theory*, Kaley Cuoco is the lone hottie in a sea of dorks. An actor most of her life, she somehow grew from child star to adult star without a single drug bust or sex tape. We talked to the self-proclaimed "terrible" driver as she navigated her way home from the *Big Bang* set.

Does being a bad driver mean you've been in a lot of accidents?

I've had so many, I can't even count. Just yesterday I was driving along, and all of a sudden I hear this loud sound. I was like, "Oh, my God! What was that?" I totally knocked someone's mirror off their van.

Whoops.

I did leave a note—I was very proud of myself. It said, "Hi! Sorry! Broke your mirror! Call this number..."

You gave them your number?

Ha, well, it was my lawyer's number. Another time I was driving a Vespa in the Dominican Republic with my *Big Bang* cast mate Johnny Galecki on the back like a little bitch. I ran us right into the wall, and he went flying. I almost killed Johnny Galecki. I'm dead serious.

Do the *Big Bang* producers think you're a liability?

I don't think the producers realize how much trouble I've been getting into. I want to take motorcycle lessons, but I don't know if anyone will let me at this point. I'm just

obsessed with doing things that make me feel wild and crazy.

Lots of people love *The Big Bang Theory*, especially the geeks. Why are fanboys better than regular fans?

We have a different world of fans. There's something about this show that has brought out a group of people I didn't know existed. It's like nerd geniuses have come out of the closet by the thousands. Let's be honest: Our show's the biggest thing that's happened to physics in, like, a bazillion years. The scientists all have a voice now. When we tape our show, it's like a rock concert.

Have you ever had a bizarre encounter with a fan?

One guy in our audience had a T-shirt on, and he had taken my face and put it on the body of Princess Leia. I was like, "It's PeLeia, Penny plus Princess Leia." It was genius and scary at the same time.

You starred opposite sitcom legend John Ritter on *8 Simple Rules*. What did you learn from him?

John never did a take the same way twice. That's why the audience was always peeing laughing. It was the most fun working with him, and I vowed that every set I was working on would be that fun.

Did he give you any advice about the business?

Right before he passed away, he told me, "Never go on Howard Stern." When *8 Simple Rules* came out, my character was this sexy 16-year-old vixen, and Howard used to talk about how my character was so hot. John would get so upset. I love that Howard was talking about me, and I have no problem with it, but if John Ritter had a problem, then I have to respect it.

You seem to avoid the whole Hollywood "scene." Why?

I'm very uninvolved in the Hollywood scene. I might have been to a club once in my entire life. I'm the biggest homebody. I think I've been hung over one time, and I hated the feeling. I love being at home with the dogs. I wish I wasn't so pathetic. I fall asleep on the couch, no matter what, every night between 8:30 and nine. I am not exaggerating.

Would you ever date a guy who didn't like dogs?

Absolutely not. I was on a date with a guy a couple of years ago,

BEAUTY AND THE GEEKS

KALEY CUOCO ISN'T THE ONLY BABE SURROUNDED BY NERDS.

Marie Curie
This radioactivity pioneer could sure heat up a lab. Just ask hubby Pierre!

Smurfette
The only female in the village likely saw many a tiny blue bone.

Olivia Munn
The G4 host and *Maxim* cover girl spends her days gaming with geeks.

Spow White
There must have been a dwarf named Horny with her around all the time.

Uhura
It is logical that Spock wanted to bang her in the latest *Star Trek*.





and when he walked in the door, Zeus, the giant German shepherd I had at the time, ran up. The guy was totally annoyed and was like, "Eww, I'm gonna need a lint roller." I knew I was never gonna see him again.

Could you get with a guy who's not funny?

Not to put pressure on anyone, but no. I'm not saying I'm hysterical all the time, but I have a dark and dirty sense of humor, and if you don't get it, it's not gonna work out. I will eat you alive.

Do you prefer dating older guys?

I've always dated older guys. I still do—I'm very attracted to older men, never anyone my age. I always felt, even in my teens, that guys my age were just so dumb, young, and immature. Guys are just a little behind girls.

Have you ever had an unrequited crush?

I'm sorry, but I usually get what I want. When I go for something, there's nothing that stops me. Nothing.

Have the boys at work given you any good dating advice?

Oh, God, what do they know? Absolutely not. They're all very protective and brotherly toward me. There was one extra recently who was kind of eyeing me, and Johnny was like, "We have to have him removed!" I'm like, "What's wrong with him looking at me?" Johnny was having a heart attack. I don't have any brothers, so it's kind of adorable.

Wait, they cock-block you?

I don't have much game, so there's not much to cock-block, but they are definitely very protective.

Are you seeing anyone now?

I'm not. I'm newly single. I'm always the girl with a boyfriend. I love having a boyfriend, because I think I'm the greatest girlfriend in the world.

What makes you so great?

Because I'm awesome! I'm such a guy's girl. I love every sport. I'll go to any game any time. I can eat, I can drink, I can have such a good time with the guys. I'm just not a girly girl. I'm completely low-maintenance, and I think that's great for a guy.

We hear you play Ping-Pong on set in very little clothing to distract the boys. Has it helped your game?

I went to American Apparel and bought hot pink shorts, a teeny-tiny hot pink tank top, pink knee socks, hot pink Converse, and a headband. I haven't lost a game since I put that outfit on. I've got my boobs hanging out and legs showing. The guys cannot even concentrate. They're, like, sweating. They can't handle it. It's won me a lot of matches.

Do you ever regret not going to a normal school?

Oh, my God, absolutely not. I had the greatest childhood ever. I was friggin' 10 years old, running around on the set of *Virtuosity* with Denzel Washington, doing whatever the hell I wanted. I don't regret one second of it. High school prom? Screw that. I went to cast parties. They were so much better than the prom. ●



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P.60: Ciu dress. P.61:
La Perla bra and shorts,
Kiki De Montparnasse shirt,
Isabel Marant shoes,
Jennifer Fisher for Broken
English necklace, Shayan
Afshar cuff bracelet,
Melinda Maria Galaxy
bangle, Kaley's own bangle.
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23

Punch-Drunk

In the final two minutes of the 1978 Gator Bowl, Ohio State coach Woody Hayes punches a Clemson player for making an interception. He also slugs one of his own players for daring to hold him back. Hayes denies the fisticuffs, saying, "If I'd meant to hit him, I would have thrown a left."



22

Sob Story

The spottily mustached Adam Morrison's hysterical waterworks as Gonzaga blows a late 11-point lead to UCLA in the 2006 NCAA Oakland regional semifinal firmly establish the crybaby as the wussiest sharpshooter in college hoops history.

21

Cagey Coach

Note to Mike Leach: In the future, if you're gonna lock a player suffering from a concussion in a pitch black shed (allegedly), steer clear of the sons of major ESPN personalities.

17

Dead Play

Before 1987, never had an elite football program fucked up so epically that they were essentially forced to hang up their jocks. SMU's "death penalty" scrapped the '87 and '88 season thanks to paying their athletes like professionals for years. Since then the former powerhouse has gone 62-163-3.



16

Crappy Luck

Penn State's then 79-year-old football coach Joe Paterno gets his leg fractured after being plowed on the sideline in Wisconsin in 2006. Luckily, it didn't happen a few months earlier, when a battle with the stomach flu had him racing to the bathroom twice to prevent Ohio's shitty offense being joined by shitty coach pants.



20

Call of the Mild

YouTube it again and again.

19

Man vs. Girl

In 2007 Oklahoma State football coach Mike Gundy raises the bar for gridiron toughness, challenging a female newspaper reporter for *The Oklahoman* at a postgame press conference: "Come after me!! I'm a man!! I'm 40!"



18

Sooners Suck a Fat One

The Sooners face a rape, a shooting, and their antidrug-crusading QB's arrest for selling coke to an FBI agent in 1989. Oh, and Coach Switzer's home is robbed. By a pal of one of his players.

15

Foulest Shot

Baylor's B-ball program developed a shooter who was a little bit too accurate. In 2003 senior power forward Carlton Dotson kills teammate Patrick Dennehy while blasting targets in a field in Waco.

14

Large and In Charge

It's hard to imagine anything in collegiate history as horrifying as the likes of coaches Mark Mangino (ex-Kansas football), Charlie Weis (ex-Notre Dame football), or Rick Majerus (ex-Utah hoops) showering up postgame. "Let's see some hustle!" they can often be heard screaming at Dunkin' Donuts workers.



Honngray!

13

BCS Is BS

In 1998 the NCAA adopts the BCS system, ensuring that there will be a single college football champion. In 2003 USC and LSU are named co-champs. This thing works great!



10

Fast Break

Fans puke up their eggnog when Texas A&M star Derrick Roland snaps his leg three days before last Christmas.

6

Getting Punchy

Last year Oregon Ducks RB LeGarrette Blount cold-cocks Boise State defensive end Byron Hout in the jaw after Hout gloats in his face. Blount is suspended, and, hopefully, Hout learns either to keep his trap shut or to duck.

5

More Michigan!

Future NBA superstar Chris Webber calls time-out during the 1993 championship game against UNC. Whoops, Michigan doesn't have any time-outs left. North Carolina gets two foul shots and eventually wins the title. Webber is probably pretty popular in the locker room afterward.



3

Super Shavers

Imagine if the UNC, Kansas, Kentucky, Duke, and Gonzaga B-ball programs were all put out to pasture. That's essentially what happens in 1951, when police crack the biggest point-shaving ring ever. Thirty-two players are arrested, and reigning NCAA champs CCNY—and New York City college basketball—never recovers.

2

Sinking Feeling

In 1896 the nation stands by in horror as the Harvard-Yale regatta is canceled. Muffy weeps.



9

Ass Kicking 1972-Style

In what is regarded as the worst college brawl ever, three Buckeyes are hospitalized after being beaten by Golden Gophers players and fans.



8

Knight Goes Knuts

Indiana coach Bobby Knight tosses a chair onto the court during a Hoosiers-Purdue game in 1985. Hey, the ref looked like he needed to take a load off.

7

Cash Hole

Michigan men's basketball enthusiast Ed Martin "lends" \$616,000 to four players in the '90s. Michigan is put on probation and removes the records and banners of the players involved.

12

Flip-Flopers in the White House

Patriots and fashionistas alike are scandalized when Northwestern's NCAA champion women's lacrosse team shows up at the White House to meet Dubya wearing flip-flops! Talk about toeing the party line! (Sorry, that was just awful.)



11

Loose Ball Foul

Villanova's Allan Ray gets his eyeball poked out in March '06. Boing!



1 Miami

Part 1: The Hurricanes show up for the pre-1987 Fiesta Bowl steak dinner with Penn State wearing army fatigues. Before marching out, player Jerome Brown asks, "Did the Japanese sit down and eat with Pearl Harbor before they bombed them?" Penn State punter John Bruno retorts, "Excuse me, but didn't the Japanese lose the war?"

Part 2: Hurricane DT Dwayne "the Rock" Johnson is caught on tape chasing

the San Diego Aztec mascot screaming, "I'll kill you!"

Part 3: Players report that 2 Live Crew's Luther Campbell pays them cash "bounties" for hurting other players.

Part 4: Hurricane ferociousness is contagious! Despite being on crutches, Florida International University running back A'mod Ned charges into a Miami-FIU brawl in 2006. Handi-able their asses, Ned!



AMERICAN IDOL JUDGE **KARA DIOGUARDI**

IS BACK IN POP MUSIC'S MOST POWERFUL COURT, AND WE HEREBY PLEAD GUILTY TO A FIRST-DEGREE OBSESSION.

BY PATRICK CARONE PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS MCPHERSON

You'll hear no objections from us when it comes to Kara DioGuardi. Our favorite *Idol* judge, now in her second year of crushing dreams and minting stars, was a Grammy-nominated songwriter for artists ranging from Britney Spears to Christina Aguilera to Santana when she was tapped to join the universe's most popular show. The multit talented New York native—who is also a VP at Warner Bros. and runs her own music publishing company—held her own among fellow judges Paula Abdul, Randy Jackson, and bitchy Brit Simon Cowell. Now that wacky Paula is gone and funnywoman Ellen DeGeneres is on board, Kara has entered a new phase on the show that made her a household name. Your honor, may we approach the bench? ➡➡

"After singing in a bikini in last year's finale, I got a couple of proposals."



Your photos look incredible. How was the shoot?

Thanks, I was doing my "model face." When I do these shoots, I think, How would Kate Moss make her lips? Basically, I bullshitted.

How did you go from songwriter to *American Idol* superjudge?

They were looking for a fourth judge, and they wanted to add someone who was in the industry. Plus, I'm known to be ballsy and outspoken. They knew I wouldn't

clam up and go under the desk. Although I did want to, believe me!

Would you have auditioned for *Idol* when you were starting out?

Yes, but I don't think I would have gotten too far if I was, like, 20.

It must have been kind of nuts going from being unknown to appearing on TVs all over the country overnight. Is it tough for you to go out in public now?

Well, I'm not like Randy, who's really

hard to miss. No matter what he's wearing, it's always Randy! People who think they recognize me say things like, "Are you my cousin's ex-boyfriend's sister?"

Are you missing Paula this season?

During the auditions, yeah, I missed her. She was so nurturing, and I try to have some of that in my critiques. I wouldn't say I have the maternal instinct that she had, though. I'm a little bit more New York, a little more hard-edge.

Does Simon ever lay into you the way he did Paula?

Definitely. It's hard for me to say something negative to a contestant without giving something constructive back, and that annoys Simon. But they're kids, and you feel for them—especially when they have a story, like they've overcome cancer or something.

Have you ever burst out laughing?

Yes, and you always feel bad after. Last year, there was a girl who had



been voted class clown in school. After she sang I said, "I get it, this is funny, right?" And she burst into tears. I was like, "Oh, shit."

How do you feel about Simon leaving after this season?

All I can say is the guy can do things not many folks can get away with, and people appreciate it when someone is true to himself.

Does he ever flirt with you?

Ha, with me? I don't think I'm his

type. Ryan flirts with me more than Simon does.

Are you happy about Ellen joining?

I was like, "Rock on!" Are you kidding? The thing with Ellen I don't think everybody understands is that she's a huge music lover. That is what you need to be on *Idol*.

Were you involved in selecting her?

No! I'm, like, below the janitor. I'm not really involved in anything. I love that anyone would think that,

though. That's what was so funny about last year. "Kara's there to replace Paula." Are you joking? You can't say my last name, how the fuck am I replacing Paula Abdul?

Let's talk about your most thrilling moment from last year—when you ripped off your clothes and sang in a bikini during the finale. Was that the first time you ever exposed yourself to millions of people?

I would say that was definitely the first time...and probably the last.

Did you get a big response from male *Idol* fans?

I got a couple of proposals and thought maybe I'd want to divorce my husband. [laughs]

Is there anything that you're planning on doing this season to upstage that?

Um, get naked? But that could actually have the opposite effect, so I think I'll keep my clothes on.

Damn!



OndadeMar fringe bikini, DKNY
Swim black bikini, Red Carter
blue bikini with vintage shirt



Beer & GLOATING

AS THE NEW YEAR DAWNS ON SIN CITY, NEARLY 1,000 COMPETITORS FROM AROUND THE GLOBE GATHER FOR THE ANNUAL WORLD SERIES OF BEER PONG. FOR THREE SUDS-SOAKED DAYS, TEAMS LIKE COCK AND LOAD, SMASHING TIME, AND



In Las Vegas

BEERACK OPONGA GET LOUD, LEWD, AND, YEP, A LITTLE DRUNK WHILE BATTLING IT OUT FOR THE \$50,000 TITLE. BUT IN THE END IT ALL BOILS DOWN TO ONE THING: TWO BALLS, ONE CUP. BY JOSH EELLS ● PHOTOGRAPHS BY MATTHEW SALACUSE



OVER THREE DAYS AT THE FLAMINGO HOTEL ON THE LAS VEGAS STRIP, NEARLY 1,000 DRUNKEN COMPETITORS WILL DOWN 210,000 OUNCES OF BEER.

OF COURSE THEY'RE HUNG OVER.

It's New Year's Day—the night after the day after the drunkenest night of the year. The whole world has a hangover. And most of them weren't even partying in Las Vegas.

But these guys are players, and they came to play. Which is why they're crowded into a fluorescent-lit ballroom at the Flamingo Hotel and Casino on the Vegas Strip, tossing little white Ping-Pong balls at plastic cups full of beer. It's 9 P.M. on January 1, when the rest of the country is sitting on the couch watching the Rose Bowl with a Vitamin Water in one hand and Advil in the other, trying very hard not to think about booze. These guys—these warriors—are downing Miller Lite and preparing for battle.

They're here because tomorrow is the first day of the World Series of Beer Pong, the biggest, longest-running, highest-stakes beer pong tournament on Earth. For the next three days, 468 teams from 43 states and eight countries will compete for a \$50,000 title and, more important, bragging rights as the best beer pong team in the world.

In an age when grown men playing cards is a ratings blockbuster, beer pong could be the next breakout hit. Depending on which survey you read, anywhere from 50 to 80 percent of American college students play the game regularly. Bars from Ann Arbor to Austin are swapping billiards and dartboards for beer pong tables. Jimmy Fallon does beer pong bits on his show (he narrowly beat Golden Girl Betty White), and last fall saw the release of a beer pong book and documentary. If Will Ferrell isn't working on a movie yet, he should be.

To much of the country, beer pong is a punch line—the kind of lunkheaded frat-entertainment you'd see at 3 A.M. on ESPN 8 "the Ocho." But to the competitors, it's serious fun. Some are top-tier

veterans: teams like Ask About Us, Doin Hella Much, Getcha Popcorn Ready—names as hallowed in their sport as Unitas or Namath. They fly cross-country for tournaments, heatedly debate things like shooting mechanics and elbow trajectory, and build ball-return chutes so they can practice in the garage. But others are guys like Team Cork Like, David Keany and Owen O'Sullivan, who live in Ireland and bought their beer pong table on eBay. They came to Vegas for New Year's and spent the night polishing off a liter of whiskey, a liter of vodka, and a liter of Captain Morgan ("Irish," Owen shrugs). This is their first time at the WSOBP, and they're having a blast. "We're making loads of friends," David says. "In Ireland we can't get anybody to play!"

They also brought a buddy with them, an ethnography professor named Stephen O'Sullivan (no relation). Ostensibly he's here to do field research, but mainly he's just drinking. A lot. Hoisting a bottle of Corona, he cracks a smile: "Is this what they call 'going native'?"

RON HAMILTON IS ONE OF THE BEST BEER PONG PLAYERS IN THE world. Over the past four years, he and his partner, Mike Popielarski (a.k.a. Pop), have earned more than \$300,000 with their pong skills. Neither has a nine-to-five. Pop occasionally DJs, and Ron used to work maintenance at a nursing home, but mainly they live on winnings from cash games and tournaments. Sponsored by the Web site WorldGaming.com, they go by the name Smashing Time.

They're at a bar on Long Island called Lily Flanagan's, the first place they ever teamed up. Pop, 25, is tall and lanky, with sleepy-stoner eyes, a warm smile, and diamond studs in his ears. Ron, 26, is a gentle



THOUGH THE WSOBP IS MOSTLY A SAUSAGEFEST, THIS TEAM USES ITS UNIQUE ASSETS TO GAIN AN ADVANTAGE OVER THE COMPETITION...AND DRAW A CROWD.

beast: 6'3", 280, with a thin beard framing his Sequoia of a neck. Ron doesn't normally drink much, but at the World Series he has a tradition. He wakes up around 6 A.M., has a hearty breakfast—and downs an entire bottle of Jack (he mixes it with Coke). "When I'm sober, I think too much," he says. During games he distracts opponents by smacking his face and beating on his chest like a gorilla. It drives people crazy: They call him an animal, insane. Ron loves it. "When they hate me," he says, "they're already out of the game."

Smashing Time are the WSOBP's defending champs. Last June they also won the WBPT Atlantic City Championship, the country's second-biggest tournament. By rights they should be the odds-on favorites heading into Vegas. But at their last big event they finished a disappointing seventh. Word on the street is Ron's lost his shot, and he and Pop are barely speaking. ("They're like a dysfunctional married couple," Ron's girlfriend, Lori, says.)

Ron has no doubt that they'll be OK: "The World Series is all about pressure, and no one handles pressure better than we do." But Pop, a numbers guy who keeps records of every pong dollar he earns, knows the odds of repeating are slim. There's too much luck involved, too many talented players. "I'm more realistic," he says. "And for us to win two in a row would just be retarded."

SATURDAY, DAY 1. DOWNSTAIRS AT THE Flamingo, it looks like...a beer pong tournament. In the lobby there's one guy with BEER PONG shaved into his hair pounding Buds,

By day he works on the Star Wars missile-defense program. By night he trades shooting at ICBMs for shooting at cups.



**NAME: PETER RUSCH
TEAM: WE STARTED THIS GANGSTA SHIT**

one slurring to security guards, and, in the corner, a guy in a Steelers jersey curled up, clutching a Gatorade bottle like it's a teddy bear.

It is 10:30 A.M.

Inside the ballroom, there are three sections of 34 tables each, cordoned off by those metal police barricades you see at a protest march, or Mardi Gras. Between each section there's an aisle for spectators—either competitors in between games or fans who've paid admission to watch (\$20 a day, \$50 for the weekend). At the front of the room, massive projector screens display the latest standings, and DJ Whoo Kid, the in-house DJ for G-Unit, spins tracks like Gucci Mane's "Wasted," Jamie Foxx's "Blame It," and a couple of songs that actually aren't about getting drunk.

There are two ways to qualify for the World Series, both of them quintessentially American. The first is to win. The WSOBP sponsors 170 satellite tournaments a year at bars all over the U.S. Winners get automatic entry. The second is to buy your way in. For packages starting as low as \$600, your team gets four nights on the Strip, a guaranteed 12 games, and all the beer you care to drink—or not.

Did we mention that at the World Series of Beer Pong, getting drunk is optional? Four of each team's 10 cups are filled with water, and some of the best players don't drink at all. The event wants big-name sponsors, and for some reason advertisers are wary of attaching their names to a franchise populated by a bunch of black-out drunks. "I wish it didn't have beer in the name," says Billy Gaines, one of the WSOBP's founders. "That would make it much easier for us. But what are we gonna call it—'throwing balls into cups'?"

That doesn't mean things don't get sloppy. An army of volunteers scurry to refill the pitchers, and by midafternoon about half the room seems pretty well shitfaced. One of the California teams, West Fuckin Coast, has a gofer who fetches Jack and Cokes when his



RON HAMILTON OF DEFENDING CHAMPS SMASHING TIME CELEBRATES. WITH HIS HAIRCUT-GONE-WRONG AND WWE-STYLE ANTICS, HE'S A CROWD FAVORITE.

players get too sober, like a corner man at a prizefight. It's the best of both worlds: the game and the tailgate all in one.

MORE THAN 2,500 YEARS AGO, THE ANCIENT GREEKS PLAYED A game they called *kottabos*. They'd take an empty jug of wine, scoop out the dregs, and try to toss the wad into a saucer (the Hellenic Solo cup) a few meters away. A good player was thought to have corresponding javelin-throwing abilities, not to mention skills in the bedroom. Sophocles, Euripides, Aeschylus, and Aristophanes all mention the game in their plays; Plato refers to it in his famous *Symposium* (which literally translates as "drinking party").

By comparison, the origins of modern beer pong are as murky as a pint of Guinness. Popular lore says the game was born in the '50s at Dartmouth fraternity houses, where players used Ping-Pong paddles to swat balls into opponents' cups. For a glorious moment in the '70s, it was even an official intramural sport. Somewhere down the line, the paddles disappeared and the cups multiplied. Today's beer pong, also known as Beirut, spread west like Manifest Destiny, through the Midwest, the South, and at some point to Pittsburgh, where, one day in the fall of 1999, someone handed a ball to a skinny freshman named Billy Gaines.

Gaines, now 29, looks like a frattier version of Jim from *The Office*. A high school valedictorian who didn't have his first sip of beer until college, he fell in love with the game at Carnegie Mellon University, where he was on the swim team. Together with his friend Duncan Carroll, he started a Web site called BPONG.com out of their dorm room sophomore year and soon built it into beer pong's premier online community. From there it was a short walk to the idea of a real-world tournament.

The first World Series of Beer Pong was held in January 2006 in

Mesquite, Nevada. Eighty-seven teams showed up, and the winner took home \$10,000. Three years later Gaines, an intellectual-property lawyer by trade, left his Chicago firm. Now he runs the World Series and the Web site full-time. Revenues are around \$3 million a year, but Gaines says he's basically breaking even—all the profits are going to "grow the brand." Gaines says they've talked to the big networks—ESPN, Spike, MTV—and that one of them is "very interested." "We think this can be bigger than poker," he says. "If a TV deal happens, this could be worth in the tens of millions—if not hundreds."

EVERY BEER PONG PLAYER WORTH HIS HOPS HAS HIS OWN SET of house rules, variants on the established framework. These, in a nutshell, are the basics:

Each team starts with 10 cups, arranged on a table in a pyramid, like bowling pins. Teams take turns throwing their balls at the cups on

the other side: Make one and your opponent drinks. Empty cups are removed until one team has no more. Game over.

Almost. A beer pong game has one more step—a democratic flourish that ensures even blowouts have a dramatic finish. When a team hits the final cup, their opponents get one last chance to try and force overtime. It's a single shot—miss and they're done, make it and they throw again. As long as they keep sinking cups, the team stays alive.

Some people call this little coda "the rebuttal." But there's also another, more poetic name for it.

It's called "redemption."

The leaders going into Day 3, this Midwest team—led by Bolhuis, maybe the best pure shooter in the country—is favored to win it all.



**NAME: VINCE BOLHUIS
TEAM: SINCE SLICED BREAD**



DISTRACTION IS A MAJOR FACTOR, WHETHER IT'S THE LOCAL TALENT (LEFT) OR HECKLING OPPONENTS (RIGHT). THE UFC'S BRUCE BUFFER CALLS THE FINALS.

"I messed up," ron HAMILTON says. He's sitting on a couch at Lori's parents' house on Long Island, sipping Budweiser out of the can, discussing how far he's fallen and how badly he needs this win.

Growing up, Ron never had money. His mom worked at the post office; his dad built airplane parts for Grumman. One day, when Ron was in elementary school, his dad had an accident at the plant and his legs were crushed. "In the hospital he got hooked on morphine, then he got hooked on pills," Ron says. After that he didn't work.

In high school Ron was a pitcher with 91 mph heat. Some D1 scouts talked to him about scholarships, but he could never get his grades up, so he wound up pitching for a small school in Nebraska. Then, before his junior year, Ron tore the cartilage in his shoulder. His baseball days were over.

Back home on Long Island, Ron realized he was good at something else: beer pong. He started winning small tournaments around town. He met Pop, and the two of them began dominating games all over the Northeast. They went to the World Series twice, both times going undefeated in the prelims only to lose on Day 3. Finally, last year they won it all—\$50,000.

"I never had more than a thousand dollars to my name," Ron says. "I didn't know what to do." He'd always had gambling problems: For a while he worked as a janitor at an OTB parlor, and he'd blow his whole paycheck on horses. So when he got his half of the 50 grand, it was only a matter of time.

He lost the first \$4,000 in Atlantic City playing blackjack and roulette. Then came

online poker. Because he wasn't working, he'd wake up around three in the afternoon, play for a few hours, and before he knew it be out a couple hundred bucks. Another \$15,000, gone.

Ron and Lori have been together for two years. After Ron lost his house, they moved in with her folks to save money. Now she's seven months pregnant with a girl they plan to name Presley. Ron proposed to her a few weeks ago, and the ring wiped out all his savings. "I have zero dollars," he says. They're trying to buy a house, and have even picked out one they want—just down the street, so Lori's parents can baby-sit. But they can't get a loan because Ron is unemployed. Beer pong doesn't count. Ron plans to take the NYPD entrance exam in June. But for now, he says, "I need this."

SMASHING TIME BREEZES THROUGH THE FIRST DAY 6-0, WITH A plus-26 cup differential. But on the morning of Day 2, they're struggling. They lose their first game to Sink and Dethrone, a no-name team from Texas; now two regular Joes from Oregon are taking them to overtime. Ron's shots aren't falling, and he paces angrily, his XXL white T-shirt straining across his ample torso. Eventually they escape with a W. Pop celebrates by pouring a beer into Ron's mouth and crushing the cup between his hands. Smashing Time!

Not everyone takes their pong so seriously. Old School, a.k.a. Roger Gober, 50, and his buddy Bob, 56, are older than last year's four finalists put together. Roger sells window treatments in Jacksonville (check him out on the August 2004 cover of *Draperies & Window Coverings* magazine), while Bob, his best friend of 21 years, works in the health care industry but can't say where, because being in a beer pong tournament might get him into trouble. They're here for Bob's son's bachelor party, and they seem absolutely delighted. "Back in our day we just played quarters!" Roger says.

They met at the WSOBP last year—and fell in love. Now they're engaged, and teaming up to try and take home the title.



**NAME: AMY WOOD & BOBBY AWREY
TEAM: JUSTIN CIDER
GLORIA STITS**



WITH ITS MIX OF COMPETITION, PAGEANTRY, AND THE PURSUIT OF HONOR AND THE ALMIGHTY DOLLAR, THE WSOBP IS A UNIQUELY AMERICAN CONTEST.

I also meet Amy and Bobby, a young couple from North Carolina who met at the World Series last year. She watched him hit 11 cups in a double-OT win against the defending champs, and the rest was history. This year they're competing as a team, and two nights ago Bobby proposed—the WSOBP's first engagement.

But not the last. As we're talking, Bobby spots a friend walking through the crowd, disheveled in a basketball jersey and cowboy boots. "This guy got married last night!" Bobby says.

"Congratulations!" I say.

The guy nods but doesn't say anything. Something seems wrong. Oh—shit. Was it, uh, planned?

The guy shakes his head.

Ah. Where is she now?

"No idea."

There's a nasty-looking gash over his right eye. It looks fresh. I decide to leave him be.

So why are these players here? What possesses them to travel hundreds of—or, in the case of the two Japanese teams, 5,000—miles for a drinking game they could play in their own rec room? Some, like Ron and Pop, are in it for the money. A lot are former athletes—high school stars who never made it big but still have a hunger for competition and nice hand-eye coordination. But most were never stars to begin with. They aren't the tallest or the strongest or the fastest. They're plumbers and IT guys, benchwarmers and armchair quarterbacks,

Last year's champs are back to defend their crown. Says Hamilton: "When we're on, we're the best in the world."



NAMES: RON HAMILTON & MIKE POPIELARSKI
TEAM: SMASHING TIME

and this is their day in the spotlight. There's a nobility to them—like the 300-pound dude in the American flag bandanna who sinks a shot and chest-bumps his best bro while Kanye West's "Champion" booms in the background.

Sometime around 5 P.M., Duncan Carroll comes on the PA to make an announcement. "One thing before we start Round 29: Please do not spit in the water cups. Also, for this round the music will be turned down because Jay Leno's crew is here filming!"

The crowd is unanimous: Boooooooo!

"What, you don't want to be on Jay Leno?" Duncan asks.

Boooooooo!

By now some of the players know they're going home, so they decide they'll just get fucked up. (Not necessarily a smart move, as the guy who gets Tasered after clocking an opponent can attest.) But since tomorrow is a marathon in which one mistake can spell defeat, the smartest teams start to pace themselves. Volunteers haul out vats of unwanted beer in 10-gallon buckets—sloshing monuments to American excess. Smashing Time finishes 11-1, and they head up to their room to pop some Airborne and get some sleep.

DOWNSTAIRS THE NEXT MORNING, THE CHANGE IN MOOD IS

palpable. In the center of the ballroom there's a single featured table, ringed by a five-man camera crew and eight-foot-high bleachers. The players are less jocular, a little more on edge. The weekend is over. It's Monday—time to go to work.

Ron shows up in the same white T-shirt, a Jack and Coke-filled Aquafina bottle shoved into his back pocket. He takes off his Yankees cap to reveal a new haircut—a kind of bizarre mohawk with huge chunks missing from the sides. Later he takes off his shirt, exposing a prodigious white belly. He looks like a mangy polar bear.

Slowly the field gets winnowed. Getcha Popcorn Ready goes out early, losing in a close one to a team they should have beaten. Other top seeds fall: Doin Hella Much, Projectile Dysfunction, Ask About Us. Finally, it's down to a best-of-three contest between two squads: Since Sliced Bread, a pan-Midwest dream team led by Detroit's Vince Bolhuis—a lights-out shooter who some say is the best in the whole tournament. And Smashing Time.

Since Sliced Bread takes game one. It's the first time Ron and Pop have lost since yesterday morning. In game two Pop gets in the zone, and Smashing Time wins by five. The championship comes down to one final game.

Since Sliced Bread jumps out to an early lead. Thanks to some clutch shots by Ron, Smashing Time claws back to tie it up, 9-9.

Usually Pop would be the one shooting at the last cup. But he's cold, and Ron is hot. Take it, Pop says. One ball, one cup, \$50,000.

Ron takes it. *Splish.*

Pandemonium. Someone hands Ron a cell phone. It's Lori. "We won, babe!" he tells her. His eyes are wet.

Before they can talk more, Ron gets pulled away into a sea of back slaps and bro-hugs. Smashing Time does the winner thing—interview, giant check, "We Are the Champions." A few minutes later, away from the crowd, Ron breaks down. "This is unbelievable," he says. "I needed this so much." His face is red. He's wiping away tears.

I ask him how he's going to celebrate. "I'm just gonna go back to my room," he says. "I got a beautiful girl at home. I got a baby girl on the way. I don't want to do anything stupid."

DJ Whoo Kid comes up to shake his hand. "You're the Michael Jordan of this bullshit!" he says.

"I'm having a real moment right now," says Ron.

Some 3,369 games, 85,000 cups, and 210,000 ounces of beer after WSOBP V began, beer pong has its first dynasty. Ron is exhausted and—yes—very drunk. All he wants to do is go up to his room, lie down, and call his fiancée.

But the fans aren't having any of it. Slowly, from the bleachers, a chant begins. "One! On! One!" the crowd shouts. "One! On! One!"

It's Monday night. It's only 9:30. They want more pong.

a u s t r a l i a n

SUPERMODEL FROM DOWN UNDER JESSICA GOMES REVEALS THAT A SEXY ACCE



F O r

H O T

ISN'T HER ONLY ASSET. BY STEPHANIE RADVAN PHOTOGRAPHS BY FEDERICO MARTI



**"DOING
BEACH SHOTS
COMES
NATURALLY.
I FEEL
RAW AND
BEAUTIFUL."**





Though she was often teased by classmates for looking different, the Australian über-babe Jessica Gomes, an exotic beauty (she's of Chinese and Portuguese heritage) has propelled her to global sex-symbol status. The supermodel came to us from Shanghai to talk about body painting, food, and her love of rude dudes.

You're in incredible shape. Do you live on tofu and twigs?

No, I love chocolate fries! I get exercise running through airports with my luggage.

So how can a guy grab your attention?

It's a straight-up turn-off when a guy is too nice to me—is that weird? And I go for funny guys. It's not about looks for me.

What was it like growing up in Australia?

My mom actually put me in a deportment school because I was rough and tough. It gave me confidence and tapped into my girlier side.

You model all over the world. Any favorite kinds of photo shoots?

Beach stuff just comes naturally to me—I feel really raw and beautiful. One of my proudest moments was doing the body paint for *Sports Illustrated*, although I was freaking out because I was completely naked.

Is it true that you're huge in Korea?

I have my own show there, *My Name Is Jessica Gomes*, which they follow me around. Korea is fun—I get to be Beyoncé for a day.

What's next for you?

I'm releasing a yoga DVD in Korea and Japan. It's an hour routine of me doing different positions.

So now everyone in Korea is going to be doing downward-dogging?

Icon

BY BREKKE FLETCHER

The hairless Academy Award-winning Brit, who's played everything from Gandhi to a sexy beast, gets all Scorsese on us in this month's *Shutter Island*.

Sir Ben Kingsley

***Shutter Island* is about a kind of Alcatraz for the insane. How did it manage to be so damn scary without all the torture porn we've grown accustomed to?**

It takes place in the 1950s, when it felt like everyone is spying on everyone else. I don't want to make pompous remarks about American history, but the McCarthy era was a very strange time, and that atmosphere of mistrust and paranoia is reflected in the film: The echoey corridors, heavy doors with peepholes in them, guards, and very ill people wandering around.

What was Scorsese like?

He directs like a lover. He has such affection for the material, for cinema itself, and for his actors. I always felt his embrace. You know, some choreographers scream at their dancers; some orchestra conductors just say, "That was dreadful," and bang their baton. And there are directors who say, "For me, could you just...?" Marty is the opposite. He never resorts to that sort of manipulative schmaltz. He's an adult.

You play the head of the hospital. Was it fun being diabolical?

He is the head of the hospital, but I definitely wouldn't say "diabolical." I describe him as the bringer of unconditional love.

Intriguing. Isn't your real name Krishna Bhanji?

That's right. It's a gorgeous name,

and they were very, very sweet guys, and they said, "It was a lovely audition, but we don't know how to cast you." And I changed my name and did exactly the same audition for a company 20 miles away, and they said, "When can you start?"

How did that feel?

Well, I didn't feel any pain or sadness; I just enjoy the delicious irony of changing my name from Krishna Bhanji to Ben Kingsley in order to play Mahatma Gandhi. But also, I think, it did allow me to aspire to be a bit more kaleidoscopic in my range. So I'm proud of my Polish Jew, I'm proud of my cockney gangster, I'm proud of my blessed Indian genius. It just allowed me to be more diverse.

We YouTube'd your Academy Award acceptance speech for *Gandhi*.

Oh, no! I looked demented. I had this awful white jacket that I bought at a sale—big mistake—and then the barber at the Beverly Hills Hotel asks me, "Would you like a little tan?" I thought

a little tan would be nice in California. So he put something on my face that turned it orange. So I have a white jacket, an orange face, and a rather odd mustache.

Which of your characters is closest to your heart?

On *Sexy Beast* I had a lovely director, Jonathan Glazer, and almost simultaneously Jonathan and I agreed, on my intuition, that Don Logan was an abused child, and what happens to abused children when they're unhealed is that they scream. They scream for love for the rest of their lives, and I think Don's primal scream was, "I love you, so why can't you love me?" I think that made him playable, and it helped me care about him rather than throw him under the bus as a villain.

Has your process changed much since you started as an actor?

I hope so. I think what I'm trying to do is strip away as many tricks as possible, so I think the latest trick I've developed is to do no tricks. It's a bit of a tightrope; it makes the target very small. I think when I was in my early days, I was hitting the target with a shotgun, like scattered pellets all over it, but now it's more, I'm hoping, like a dart that I dare to miss. I have to be minimal.

Are you much of a ladies' man?

I think I know more about the male-female dynamic now than I ever did

So you don't buy into the philosophy of the tortured artist?

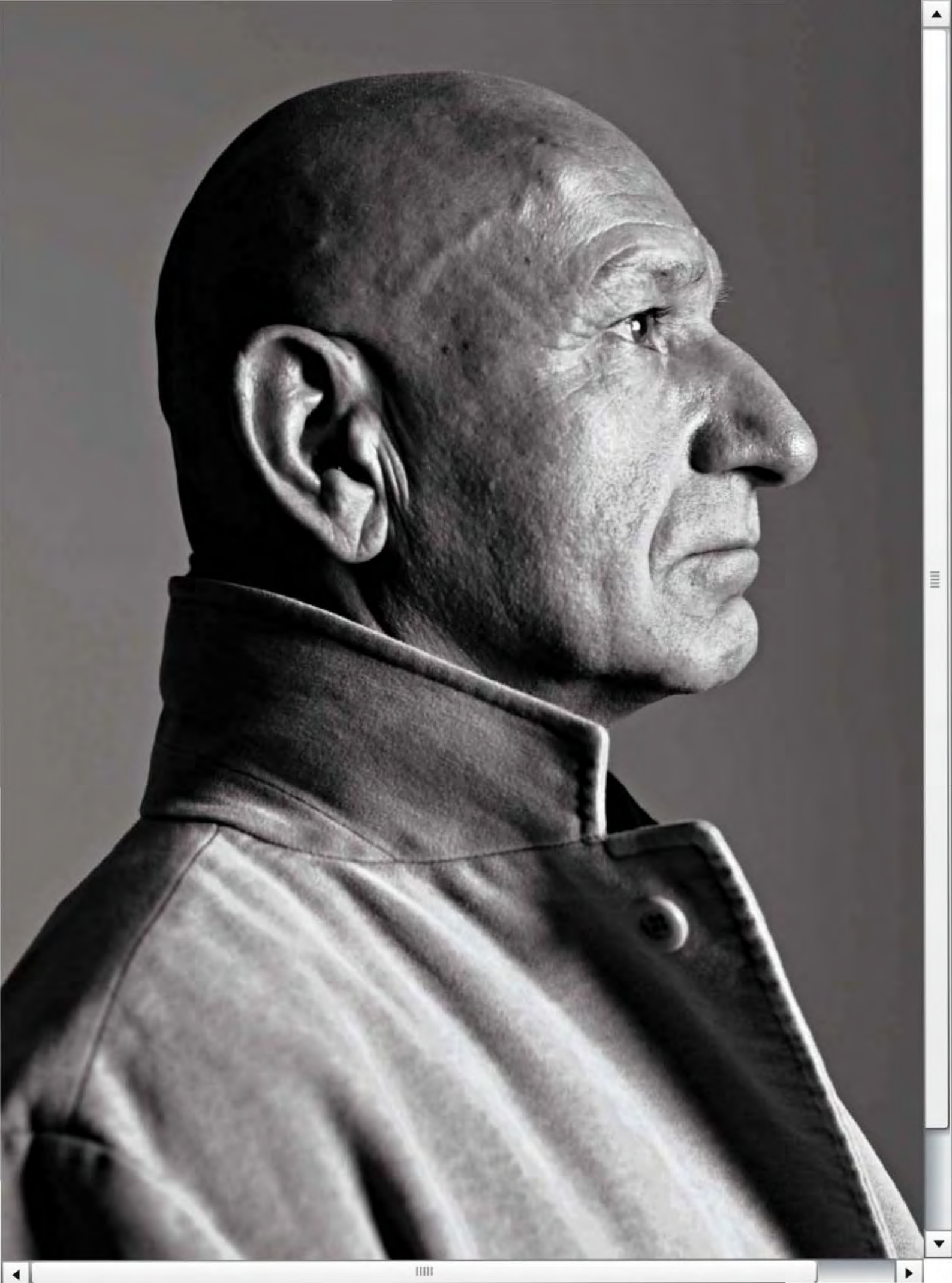
I believe that actors do better work when they're happy. Of course, we think we're doing our best work when we're unhappy; we feel so good between "action" and "cut" because we're escaping everything. The philosophy of the tortured artist overpropagated in the wrong way. It can lead to some unhappy actors who actually treat themselves unfortunately, and terrible accidents happen, and, you know, however accidental it is, it's tragic. I believe that if they were told, quietly, "It's OK to be happy," they might live a longer. Bless them, you know?

You've played Hamlet. Did you see Jude Law play him this past year?

I find it very hard to watch *Hamlet* these years later, he is still such a part of my DNA. That role, it was really it was an extraordinary turning point for me. I find it hard to watch. But my wife saw it and said it was terrific.

Tell us about the power of bald.

I think the power of bald—I've never analyzed this before, so I'm gonna borrow what my darling wife would say. I think she would say it's the real thing. You take me as you find me. I think that it may be, because it's the opposite of disguise, isn't it?





HOT

FUZZ

AS A SPECIAL AGENT ON **NCIS: LOS ANGELES**, PORTUGUESE STUNNER

DANIELA RUAH KICKS ASS AND TAKES NAMES ON THE REGULAR.
YOU HAVE THE RIGHT TO REMAIN SMITTEN.

BY MIKE DAWSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRISTOPHER KILKUS

For sure. My character, Kensi, is a total badass. The stunt work is a blast because I get to train with the stunt guys from *The Matrix* and *Fight Club*. I love elbowing people in the face. That's my character's go-to move.

Never. But I love it. Before the pilot we got to shoot 9 mm Sigs. I want to shoot the Desert Eagle .50, which is a big-as-your-leg magnum. Having a gun in your hand is very empowering.

He introduced himself as Todd. But I lived in Portugal, so I didn't grow up on LL, and I was clueless when TMZ asked me if he taught me his lip-licking thing. I thought they were trying to get something sexual out of me. I had no idea it was his trademark.

No, but he'll start beat-boxing on set, and I'll start banging the table. Then maybe Barrett Foa, who plays Eric, will add melody, and it gets a little funky.

No one wants perfection. I want a confident, smart guy, obviously, but what's hot is a guy who doesn't have all the answers. We gals

ENA TUSO/CLDUTIER AGENCY: HAIR, GEORGE PAPANIKOLAS USING JOICO/EXCLUSIVE ARTISTS, MAKEUP: LONIS USING MAC COSMETICS/THE MILTON AGENCY. SPECIAL THANKS TO PETIT ERMITAGE, WEST HOLLYWOOD.

"NO ONE WANTS PERFECTION.
WHAT'S HOT IS A GUY WHO
DOESN'T HAVE
ALL THE ANSWERS."





TO THE



Arturo



"THUNDER"



G
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ARTURO "THUNDER" GATTI
THE BOXING WORLD HAS EVER SEEN
HUMAN AMOUNTS OF PAIN IN THE RING
CHEATING DEATH DECIDE TO TAKE

DEATH



Amanda



"THE STRIPPER



G
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WAS ONE OF THE TOUGHEST FIGHTERS
RENOWNED FOR ENDURING SUPER-
SO WHY WOULD A MAN WHO SO LOVED
OWN LIFE? MANY BELIEVE HE DIDN'T.



IT WAS A BREEZY SPRING MORNING

IN MAY 2008. TONY RIZZO STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF THE MONTREAL PENTHOUSE ARTURO "THUNDER" GATTI SHARED WITH HIS WIFE, WATCHING THE PETITE EX-STRIPPER—NOW FIVE MONTHS PREGNANT

and standing buck naked—rage. The boxer had invited his childhood friend and business partner inside, but Rizzo was paralyzed by the scene.

"I saw your fight," Amanda shouted, her English blanketed in a thick Brazilian accent. "You're pathetic!" She was referring to her husband's 49th and final bout, a seventh-round knockout loss to Alfonso Gómez that had taken place almost a year before. "Your mother's a whore. Your brother's a loser. Go fuck your sisters."

Gatti, a two-time world champion famous for withstanding unimaginable punishment between the ropes, apparently had the same capacity in his private life. Glancing toward the doorway, he calmly remarked, "Tony, can you believe the mouth on this girl?"

At that point Amanda reached for the crystal glasses ornamenting the penthouse. "This is top-of-the-line crystal," Rizzo recalls. "And she starts smashing it on the floor. All over the place. And you know what she's screaming? 'You're my bitch! Clean, bitch!'"

Shaken, Rizzo retreated to an empty apartment on the sixth floor—he and Gatti had developed the new 82-unit condo complex in Saint-Léonard, an Italian borough—and vomited in the bath-

was, in every sense, a modern-day Rocky—a brawler in the ring, a warrior whose heart and determination kept him fighting long after more skilled pugilists would've given up. Over his 16-year career, the former IBF junior lightweight and WBC super lightweight titleholder amassed a 40-9 record, with 31 knockout wins. *The Ring* magazine named four of his epic battles Fight of the Year.

The day after Amanda discovered her husband's body, Brazilian police arrested the 23-year-old, 110-pound dancer, accusing her of strangling her intoxicated spouse with a thick canvas-and-leather purse strap. But just 18 days later, after viewing the autopsy results, they released her, concluding instead that Gatti had committed suicide, using the 48-inch strip of fabric to hang himself from the staircase. Shocked at the lightning-fast investigation and skeptical that Arturo would take his own life, Gatti's family had his body exhumed on August 1 and asked authorities in Montreal to mount their own inquiry. They hired famed forensic pathologist Michael

1. Gatti slugs Ward, 2003. 2. After losing a title bout by TKO. 3. Pleading to go one more round with Mayweather, 2005. 4. Hanging in for nine rounds versus Carlos Baldomir, 2006. 5. Ceding the WBC junior welterweight title to Mayweather. 6. With his WBC belt, 2007.



room. "I come from a normal family," he says. "I wasn't used to this behavior. I could tell things were going to get a lot worse."

Fourteen months later, on the morning of July 11, 2009, Amanda phoned Gatti's sister, Anna-Maria, from Brazil. "Something serious happened," Amanda said. "Your brother is dead."

On the kitchen floor of the duplex the Gattis had rented in the northeastern resort town of Porto de Galinhas, Amanda said she found Arturo, clad only in blue briefs. His body was curled beneath a wooden staircase, a large puddle of blood staining the tiles around him. The image of Gatti battered and bruised was hardly novel, but the crime scene was so gory that the boxer's longtime manager later refused to view the police photos. A deep ligature mark showed beneath his chin; his tongue hung from his bloated, discolored face. His right ear was engorged, and on the back of his head was a three-centimeter-long gash crusted with coagulated blood. His eyes, so often swollen at the hands of welterweight rivals like Ivan "Mighty" Robinson, Floyd Mayweather Jr., and "Irish" Micky Ward, were clenched shut. A clump of mucus bulged from his left nostril. He was 37 years old.

News of Gatti's death made international headlines and was the

Baden, M.D., of HBO's *Autopsy*, and they waited for the truth. More than six months later, they're still waiting. But the story that has emerged thus far is one of a violent, tumultuous marriage whose final night is still shrouded in mystery.



"It's not true," Ida Gatti insists, speaking Italian

while a family friend translates at the marble block table in her kitchen, just off Rue Armand-Bombardier in Montreal. "If my son had to kill himself, do you think he would go to Brazil to do it?"

Since Arturo's death, Ida has worn black every day. Her eyes—slightly slanted and deep brown, like her son's—come alive as she catalogs her former daughter-in-law's faults: her filthy mouth, her volatile temper, her alleged mission to have Arturo change his will so she would inherit virtually all of his \$6 million estate.

Ida, her late husband, Giovanni, and Anna-Maria all came from Caserta, near Naples, before emigrating to Canada, where the five youngest Gatti siblings were born (daughter Pina, followed by daughter Marella, Arturo, and Fabrizio). Giovanni had been a box-

years later at age 19, moving to Jersey City, New Jersey to train and adding "Thunder" to his name as a promotional gimmick.

On club shows Arturo gained a reputation as a fighter who'd rather brawl than chase a foe around the ring and box. "He had the most exciting fights on the card because of his ability to sustain punishment and pain," says Carl Moretti, a VP of boxing operations for Top Rank, Inc., the preeminent Las Vegas-based promotion company. "It wasn't so much talent as it was nuts and guts."

In 1995, after taking the IBF junior lightweight title from Tracy Patterson, Gatti became a regular on HBO. When he defended the belt three months later, challenger Wilson Rodriguez swelled Gatti's eyes so badly the doctor almost stopped the bout. Somehow his cut man managed to reduce the inflammation, and in round five Gatti drilled his adversary with a left hook that broke a rib. A round later, as Rodriguez was protecting the rib, Gatti stung the contender's open chin with a left hook. Rodriguez toppled to the canvas, remaining there for more than a minute.

"It was unbelievable what Arturo could endure before he knocked you out," says Gatti's perennial manager, Pat Lynch. "He was not going to give up—to the point that it scared you. Because you knew he would die in that ring if he had to."

In the first of Gatti's three legendary battles with Micky Ward, the combatants hurled bombs at each other for nine straight rounds until Gatti appeared to be out on his feet. When he sat down on his stool at the end of the round, he deliberately tried to bite through his lip. "It was a trick he learned from Dale Earnhardt Jr.," says Mike Skowronski, an old sparring partner turned corner man. "When NASCAR drivers are falling asleep, they bite their lip. I got a bucket

gave birth to his first child, Sofia Bella. Gatti adored the baby, but when the romance cooled he found his time with Sofia restrictive.

"There was a nasty and protracted child support battle," says John Lynch, Pat Lynch's brother and Gatti's attorney. "The mother wanted a lot of money. Arturo was worth a lot of money at the time. And they got into a very contentious litigation. The whole thing left a bitter taste in his mouth. He never stated this outright, but I think he believed everyone saw him as a pot of gold."



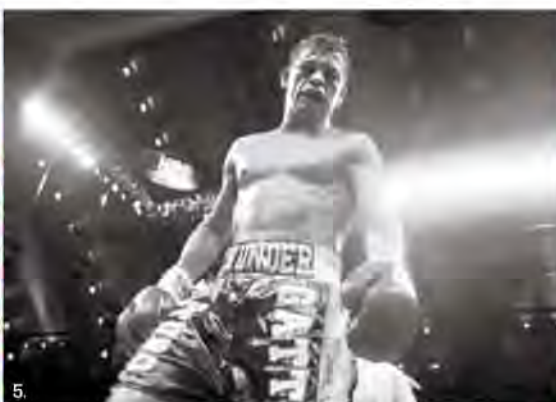
It was with this mind-set that Gatti walked into the

Squeeze Lounge, a Weehawken, New Jersey go-go bar, with his black German shepherd, Hex, in late 2006. "Dogs weren't really allowed in the club," says general manager Michael Prosperi, "but Arturo was a celebrity. So I made an exception."

Amanda Rodrigues was onstage behind the bar. Like the other girls at the club, she'd dance, swing on the 30-foot pole, and strip to a G-string and bikini top. "She said, 'Look at that dog,'" recalls bartender Naomi Prosperi, Michael's wife. "He's humongous."

Tight-bodied, with a belly piercing and a loud but seductive manner, Amanda had landed in the Garden State from her native Brazil in 2000. According to her mother, Rosie Barbosa, Amanda attended Hillside High School and Union County College, a two-year school in urban Elizabeth, studying business. Along the way, Barbosa says, her daughter worked at a Toyota dealership, a Nextel store, and a clothing shop—but never a strip club.

"Her mother didn't know she was a dancer," Naomi Prosperi says.



of ice, pulled open his trunks, and poured it on his balls. And it woke him up. He won the 10th round."

In total, Ward and Gatti fought 30 rounds over three bouts, every one of them torturous. In round four of their final encounter, Gatti broke his hand by crashing an errant right into his rival's hip. For much of the rest of the match, "the Blood and Guts Warrior" fought one-handed, eventually winning the bout—and the Ward series, 2-1. Then he met his friend Michael Sciarra for Chinese. "We ate, went down to Bally's, and he pulled slots for two or three hours with the injured hand," Sciarra says. "Then he went to the hospital."

Gatti's friends are full of stories from New York City nightclubs and the casinos of Vegas and Atlantic City, his favorite postfight playgrounds, where he palled around with fans and charmed endless streams of women. He hated to be alone, and everyone was invited to the party. "We'd be drinking in the car, going 100 miles per hour into New York City," says Donny Jerie, a New Jersey body shop owner and close friend. "Arturo Gatti knew how to live, bro."

"He played as hard as he fought," says Moretti. "The release wasn't the fight—it was those months following the fight. Arturo could go for days, drinking, fucking woman after woman."

Michael Prosperi regarded Amanda as a practiced hustler. "I'm not calling her a prostitute," he says. "But these girls are here to make money, and she was one of the best. She could talk to a customer at the bar and keep him there, spending 100 or 200 dollars. Sometimes she'd say, 'Well, I have to go make money now and the guy would throw down some more money for her to stay."

Gatti didn't need a dog to start a conversation with a woman. Amanda quickly treated him like he was the only man in the room. Within days the 5'7" fighter and the 5'2" dancer were describing themselves as a couple. When Gatti visited the club, Amanda would call him over to the other girls. "She'd say, 'This is my boyfriend and ask him to tip me,'" says Jessica, a Russian girl with puffy blonde hair and a tiny G-string. "And he'd tip me with a \$100 bill."

Eventually, Prosperi says, Amanda quit her job at Squeeze, and Gatti paid for her boob job—for his pleasure more than anything else. Nonetheless, he'd occasionally pop into the club to hang out.

"Amanda came here one day and asked if anyone was doing lap dances for him," says Jessica. "And I told her, 'I did.' I know it was wrong because we were friends, but that's my job. She got mad at him, they had a big fight, and after that he stopped coming here."

refused to accept the real source of the couple's problems. "I love Arturo like my son," she says in halting English. "But some people, when they drink, they get crazy. When he drinks, he loses control."



If Amanda saw Gatti's temper, it didn't prevent her

from accompanying him to John Lynch's Union City, New Jersey office on Wednesday, August 22, 2007—less than a year after the couple's first meeting—to sign a prenup. "Amanda puts on a big show in front of several secretaries," Lynch says, recalling their visit. "I don't want anything. I just want to sign. Show me where to sign." So she signs the document saying she's not entitled to anything he owns."

The next day, the couple left for their wedding in Las Vegas. That Sunday, Lynch says, the boxer phoned him at home. "John," Gatti began, "whoever prepared this agreement left this girl without the shoes she came in with." Apparently, the prenup had become a major source of discussion on the honeymoon.

About six months later, Lynch was in court when he received a call from his secretary. Arturo and Amanda had arrived at the office and wanted a copy of the agreement. "I said, 'Look, don't give him the original,'" Lynch recalls. "'Just give him a copy.' Arturo makes a big deal out of tearing it up, and now Amanda thinks there's no prenup. That's when the battles really begin."

After a domestic dispute in Hawaii in spring 2008, police discovered that Amanda was in the U.S. illegally, and the couple was forced to relocate to Montreal. It was there that their son, Arturo Jr., was born—and Gatti's relatives allege they witnessed the couple's violent relationship firsthand. "She abused him mentally and physically," says Arturo's youngest brother, Fabrizio. "She'd sucker-punch him. You know where he was staying the last six months of his life? At my mom's house. They split up every week."

Ida Gatti often baby-sat the infant and watched the couple fight: "I heard her say, 'I'll kill you...Go fuck your mother.' Arturo told her to be quiet, that I was in the kitchen. But Amanda said, 'She can't even speak English.'"

Police reports indicate, however, that Gatti wasn't a passive participant in these arguments. On December 7, 2008, cops were called to the couple's penthouse, where they found Amanda with a bloody nose and scratches on her face, chest, and arms. She said that Arturo had come home drunk at 7 A.M., broken down two doors, and kicked and beaten her. He was arrested and charged with assault. After a second episode in March 2009, he was ordered to stay at least 200 meters from Amanda and to avoid alcohol.

But Amanda continued to contact her husband, begging him to help her establish citizenship. Concerned that she'd be perceived as an economic refugee, she requested a substantial money transfer, texting him, "I am applying for my American visa. My bank account must show a good number so they can believe in my statement."

By May, Lynch says, both Arturo and Amanda had hired divorce attorneys. "At some point she becomes aware that there's still a prenup and she gets nothing. So she tries to reestablish the relationship—'Let's work it out.' She then takes him to a lawyer in Montreal, and on June 17 there's a new will. And she's the executor. The new will denied the existence of the prenuptial agreement. Amanda was awarded "the universality of the residue of all" the fighter's earnings. His daughter, Sofia, was conferred "no benefit."

A day later, to the dismay of Arturo's close associates, he dropped Arturo Jr. off in New Jersey with his wife's mother and flew to Europe for the beginning of a "second honeymoon." But just days into the trip, the boxer phoned Tony Rizzo from Amsterdam. "You were right," Gatti said in a voice mail. "It's a fuckin' nightmare. I'm gonna be back sooner than I expected."



But Gatti stayed in Europe. After two weeks Amanda

flew on to Brazil, while he picked up his son in New Jersey, stopped off in Montreal, and then joined his wife in South America. When they arrived in Porto de Galinhas, checking into the Dorisol Hotel, Gatti apparently began to unravel.

According to *Le Journal de Montreal*, sometime after midnight on Saturday, July 11, onlookers claimed to have spotted the Gattis screaming at each other outside a restaurant. Arturo allegedly smashed a bottle on the ground, then pushed his wife and pulled her by the hair. When a bystander intervened, he reportedly slugged the man, knocking him out. Amanda stormed off, leaving the baby in a stroller with her husband as onlookers turned on the former champ, pelting him with rocks and even a bicycle.

A fuming Arturo returned to the hotel with the infant. But when he found their room empty, he put the baby in a taxi and went to a discotheque to search for his wife.

The newspaper quotes several witnesses who say Gatti pushed and shoved his way through the disco—while the child remained with the cabbie. Fernando Tasso, a Brazilian attorney representing Amanda, contends that the athlete was more violent: "He didn't fight one person—he fought a group. It was a very ugly fight."

Amanda was waiting at the hotel when Arturo and the baby returned. Police estimate Arturo consumed seven beers in the room. He seemed despondent, according to Amanda, especially after he saw bruises on her from their fight. He expressed remorse but she says she'd had enough. She told him the marriage was over and took their son into the bedroom, locking the door behind her.

Eduardo Trindade, a Brazilian lawyer contracted by the Gatti family, says Amanda told police she went into the kitchen at 6 A.M. to prepare a bottle for Junior but noticed neither her husband's cadaver nor the blood coating the floor. "Only at 9 A.M., when she went down a second time, did she notice it," says Trindade.

Police theorized that a drunken Arturo had passed out before being strangled with his wife's purse strap. Under Brazilian law, Amanda was formally accused of the crime and taken to a detention center while authorities investigated. On a local TV station, Amanda's sister, Flavia, defended the suspect: "My sister, like us, is very religious and would be incapable of killing anyone."

In less than three weeks, the police would also come to embrace this position. On July 30, Arturo's relatives were shocked to see a photo of Amanda, in oversize sunglasses and a black Ed Hardy T-shirt, passing through the jailhouse bars with a vivacious grin.

"It wasn't right to put her away automatically," Tasso says. "The investigation led to the conclusion that he killed himself."

More specifically, police said Gatti removed the strap from



1. Left to right, Amanda, Gatti, and friend.
2. Gatti's mother at his funeral.



X HITS FROM MISSUS

EVEN THE TOUGHEST ATHLETES CAN SUFFER AT THE HANDS OF THEIR WIVES OR GIRLFRIENDS.



TIGER WOODS

Though never confirmed, it's widely believed that Tiger's betrayed wife, swimsuit model Elin Nordegren, took a 9-iron to his Escalade and his face when she learned he'd been cheating.



CHUCK FINLEY

While the All-Star pitcher was married to video vixen Tawny Kitaen (that's her on the car in Whitesnake's "Here I Go Again"), the hot-tempered temptress beat him with a stiletto heel during an argument.



STEVE MCNAIR

The beloved Titans QB met a sad end last year when his mistress, distraught over money woes and worried McNair was bedding a third woman, shot and killed him. She then turned the gun on herself.



NICK HARPER

The night before a 2006 playoff game, the Colts cornerback's wife stabbed him in the knee with a fillet knife. She later said it was an accident. Knives are slippery!



CRAIG HODGES

In 1991 Hodges' wife, Carlita, doused him in gasoline and threw two matches at him. Luckily, the expert three-point shooter, now a coach with the Lakers, didn't catch fire off the court as easily as he did on it.



MANUTE BOL

In 2006 the 7'7" NBA alleged that his spouse threw a phone at him and punched him in the head during a fight for which both were arrested. Presumably he was seated at the time.

in his neck and kicked the stool away—dangling two feet above the ground for about three hours.

Trindade disputes this theory and accuses the police of conducting an incomplete probe. He says they neglected to do a DNA test on the bloody towels found on the balcony and to explain why the bedsheet was stained with blood even though Amanda said she'd locked Arturo out of the room. In addition, when authorities attempted a "resistance test" to see how long the 160-pound Gatti could have hung from the staircase, a similar strap holding an 80-pound mannequin gave out in five seconds. "Are five seconds enough for a person to die from asphyxia?" Trindade asks.

More important to Gatti's friends and family, is it possible that a man who refused to quit in the ring would suddenly quit on life?

"If I'd received a phone call that he'd been in an altercation in the street or there'd been a flareup in a bar, fine," says Pat Lynch. "But to tell me he hanged himself with his little son there? Never in a million years are you going to convince me of that."

While it's possible that Gatti had become dejected over the disintegration of his marriage, he had plans for the future. In Montreal he and Rizzo had been working on a 325-unit real estate project. Arturo was also preparing to open two gyms. And Donny Jerie had just restored a candy apple red '74 Corvette for his buddy.

Jerie alleges that Gatti was a victim of premeditated murder, lured to Brazil by Amanda, who he believes invited a collection of hitmen into the room. "This was planned," Jerie says. "The will was changed. When he signed that will, he signed his life away."

It's a notion Rosie Barbosa finds offensive. "She did not kill him for money," she shouts over the phone in New Jersey. "Amanda did not come to this country for a husband. Me and my ex-husband gave her a good education. My older daughter is a doctor in Brazil. Everybody thinks my daughter did this. Why? She's not a killer."

Still, on the day of the incident, Amanda herself offered up the theory that someone might have sneaked into the duplex and murdered Arturo. Authorities were dismissive, insisting that only two magnetic keys could access the room, and neither was used after 2:26 A.M. But could Amanda have let in the attackers afterward? And where was she while her husband was searching for her in the nightclub? Gatti's family contends that no one can be certain, since the Dorisol has no video surveillance.

Because of the controversy surrounding the case, prosecutors have refused to close it. Hoping to persuade them to investigate further, Pat Lynch asked Dr. Michael Baden—the television

Brazilian authorities. "They said they didn't have the facilities to do an alcohol test, and that's the easiest drug to test for."

The contusions on the fighter's body differed from those of a typical hanging victim, Baden says. As of press time he was awaiting more data from Brazil to determine whether they could have resulted from the rock-throwing incidents or the purported brawl in the discotheque—or whether a drunken Gatti could have been beaten with a blunt object in his hotel room.

In addition, Baden maintains, the mark on Gatti's neck does not match up to the strap of the purse. "The ligature was less than 180 degrees on the neck, not 360," he says. "In other words, the strap was not completely wrapped around his neck. This is not how people usually commit suicide."

It is possible, Baden contends, that Gatti was a victim of a murder ploy often used in prison riots. "The inmates will kill someone, then hang him to make it look like a suicide," he says. "But it would have taken more than one person to do this."



Despite the ongoing investigation, Amanda returned

to Montreal on November 5, asking a judge for a \$150,000 advance on her husband's estate. Superior Court Justice Paul Chaput instead awarded her \$40,000 toward legal costs.

Several days after her request, Amanda says she's been advised not to talk about Arturo's death. But she allows that she believes was suicide. "I don't believe my husband wanted to kill himself," she says. "I think the alcohol did. I really believe that if my husband was sober, he would never have done that."

And what of the allegations made by Gatti's inner circle that Amanda was somehow involved in his death? She counters that these are the same people who allowed the boxer to self-destruct. Now, she says, they feel guilty and refuse to acknowledge the fact that they—not she—may have contributed to his death.

"It's easier for them to blame me than to blame themselves," she says. "I'm really shocked by the things they've been saying."

Back in Montreal, Fabrizio Gatti walks down to the basement of the family house. Around a dark corner, he unlocks a door that opens to a 10'x20' room. Arturo's IBF junior lightweight and WBO super lightweight belts rest on a bed beside a photo of Gatti and Micky Ward. This is where Gatti lodged during his estrangement from his wife. A laundered pile of workout clothes sits nearby.

Garb Gone

Whether your spring break boasts snow bunnies or beach honeys, score more this year with the season's hottest girl-magnet gear.

Photographs by Chris Shonting



Charles & 1/2 leather jacket, \$98;
Calvin Klein Jeans thermal shirt, \$30;
Burberry ski pants, \$325;
Vans Jamie Lynn snowboard boots,
\$219; H&M scarf, \$15.

John Varvatos sweater, \$598; Quiksilver
snowboard pants, \$15; Frye boots, \$328.

Wild



SPRING BREAK
ESCAPE PLAN



TAHOE UP, ROCKIES DOWN

For killer chutes, local Cali cuties, and easy on-the-wallet offerings (plus the frigid casinos!), it's time to ditch the Rockies and take Lake Tahoe. Here's how:

SHRED

GO HOMEWOOD

Locals know: If you want the best views of the lake and zero crowds, head to **Homewood**. Bonus: Lift tickets during the week are only \$39! skihomewood.com

BED

SHACK ATTACK

Spooked by shelling \$400 a night for a hunk of room? How about \$100 for the week? That's a real deal at **Camp Richardson**, which offers spartan but super cozy cabins complete with fireplaces. The lake lodges house up to eight—but if you need that many pals to pitch in, maybe you should, less, work more, bro. camprichardson.com

SCORE

BRAZILIAN WHACK

The Sunnyside resort lakeside **Mountain Grill** has Tahoe's best après ski grub (Kobayashi beef sliders, beer-battered mahimahi tacos), way too many beers on tap, and, best of all, a bevy of hot Brazilian coeds who venture north during their own spring break. sunnysidetahoe.com



Burberry vest, \$450; The North Face down jacket, \$229; Bambú Apparel tee, \$45; Levi's jeans, \$46.



Original Penguin shirt, \$69;
Nike board shorts, \$52.



Cockpit USA
shirt, \$79;
Adidas board
shorts, \$35.



Calvin Klein Underwear tee,
\$30 (for pack of three); Paul
Smith swim trunks, \$195.





Supertouch tee, \$24;
Zegna Sport board
shorts, \$175.

HEY, LADIES!

Want to be in *Maxim*?
Look for our *Campus
Cuties* casting call
in Panama City from
March 6 to 27.



PANAMA CITY RIDES AGAIN

Once the spring break destination world champ, this Gulf Coast gem is poised for a comeback in 2010. Here's what you need to know when you go

SCORE

THONG THROUG

Roll your eyes all you want, but you'll be remiss if you don't spend a few creepy hours among the sun-kissed, booze-soaked bikini-clad cuties who bump and grind all day long at the beachside pool at **Club La Vela**. Think of this underground orgy under the sun as ground zero for GW a.k.a. Girls Who Go "Whoooo!" clublavela.com

CHOW

SHUCK YOU

The Gulf Coast is thick with shellfish shack, but this is our favorite: the no-frills **Hunt's Oyster Bar**. Super-fresh Apalachicola oysters, hot locals, and the best damn fried pickles in the Panhandle. Bonus: pitchers of eerily cold Bud Light for \$4. huntsoysterbar.com

PLAY

MEAN GREEN

Thankfully, the secret that PC is home to one of the South's best public golf courses eluded most bonehead spring breakers. But for them, good for you **Hombre Golf Club** not only hosts the Q-school semis—the grueling do-or-die tournament that determines who makes the PGA Tour—it also has an eye-popping



Polo Ralph
Lauren polo, \$98;
Sundek board
shorts, \$125.



STYLING, ERIN TURON;
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p.6: Lindsay Lohan, Splash News; beachball, Glowimages/Corbis; woman in green swimsuit, Lisa Peardon/Getty Images; Louisville basketball, Andy Lyons/Getty Images; Penelope Cruz, Jason Merritt/Getty Images **p.10:** Glenn Beck, Newscom **p.12:** Bill Dwyer, Michael Bezjian/Wire Image; Star Wars characters, Ian Munro/Rex USA; woman sledding, Stefan Simonsen/AFP/Getty Images **p.18:** Man with flag, Image Source/Corbis; pyramid, istockphoto; KFC, Stephen Shaver/AFP/Getty Images; Pizza Hut, Christian Kober/Alamy; Subway, AP Photo/Mark Lennihan; McDonald's, AP Photo/Laurent Rebours; Anthony Edwards, Paramount/The Kobal Collection; Burt Reynolds, The Kobal Collection/Universal; Will Ferrell, Dreamworks/Apatow Prod./The Kobal Collection/Frank Masi; Mariah Carey, The Kobal Collection/Lee Daniels Entertainment **p.20:** Karaoke models, Christopher Smith/The New York Times/Redux; Hunter, xposedonline.com; stripper, Georges De Keerle/Getty Images.com; punk rock singer, ©2006 Wellington Lee **p.27:** Louis CK, LouisCK.net; woman in purple, Eric Cahan/Getty Images; woman in black bra, Monalyn Gracia/Corbis, black stockings, Inspirestock/Corbis; pulling up black stockings, Image Source/Corbis; woman in white lingerie, Pascal Broze/Onky/Corbis; legs with stilettos, Altrando Images/Getty Images **pp.28-29:** Snutter Island, Andrew Cooper/Paramount; Cop Out, Abbott Genser/Warner Bros.; Beverly Hills Cop II, Paramount/Courtesy Everett Collection; 48 Hours, Paramount/Courtesy Everett Collection; Lethal Weapon 2, Warner Bros./Courtesy Everett Collection; Running Scared, MGM/The Kobal Collection; Glimmer Man, Warner Bros/The Kobal Collection; The Last Boy Scout, Geffen Pictures/Courtesy Everett Collection; Rush Hour, New Line Cinema/Courtesy Everett Collection; Men in Black, Columbia Pictures/Courtesy Everett Collection; Green Zone left, Jasin Boland/©Universal/Courtesy Everett Collection; Green Zone right, Jonathan Olley/©Universal/Courtesy Everett Collection; The Crazies, Saeed Adyani/Overture Films (2); Alice in Wonderland, Courtesy Disney (2); Brooklyn's Finest, Phillip V. Caruso/Overture Films (2); Discovery Life, Discovery Channel/BBC/Norbert Rottcher **p.30:** American Vampire, Rafael Albuquerque (4); Spit on Your Grave, The Kobal Collection/Jerry Gross Organization; Near Dark, F-M Entertainment/The Kobal Collection; The Wild Bunch, Everett Collection; Twilight, The Kobal Collection/Maverick Films; She & Him, Taea Thale; Drive-By Truckers, Danny Clinch; The Whigs, Jordan Noel **p.38:** Alison Haislip, Colin Stark; International Sexy Ladies Show/Courtesy G4; Campus PD/Panagiotis Panatazidis; Human Wrecking Balls, Web Soup/Courtesy G4; God of War III, Sony Computer Entertainment America **p.46:** Caron Butler, Ron Hoskins/Getty Images **p.61:** Marie Curie, Time-Life Pictures/Mansell/Time-Life Pictures/Getty Images; Snoufetta, Hanna-Barbera/Courtesy Everett Collection;

Dotson, AP Photo/Susan Walsh; Charlie Weis, Jonathan Daniel/Getty Images; Mark Mangino, AP Photo/Charlie Riedel; Rick Majerus, AP Photo/Bill Feig; CCNY basketball players, AP Photo; lacrosse team at White House, AP Photo/David Bohner; White House Bobby Knight, AP Photo; Allan Ray, Jim McIsaac/Getty Images; A mod Ned, AP Photo/South Florida Sun-Sentinel, Andrew Innerarity **pp.88-93:** Gatti with hands wrapped, Ed Mulholland; Amanda Rodriguez, AP Photo/Demilson Campos; Ward vs. Gatti, Ed Mulholland; Gatti bloody eye, Al Bello/Getty Images; Gatti with trainer, Andrew Mills/The Star-Ledger/Polaris; Gatti vs. Beldomin, Ed Mulholland; Gatti in ring, Andrew Mills/The Star-Ledger/Polaris; Gatti celebrating, AP Photo/Mary Godleski; Ida Gatti holding belt, AP Photo/The Canadian Press/Ryan Remiorz; Tiger Woods, Quinn Rooney/Getty Images; Chuck Finley, Rick Stewart/Getty Images; Steve McNair, Scott Boehm/Getty Images; Nick Harper, Joe Robbins/Getty Images; Craig Hodges, Tim DeFrisco/Getty Images; Manute Bol, Sam Forencich/NBAE via Getty Images **pp.95:** Women in ski pants, Bbeyond/Corbis; Club La Vela, courtesy Club La Vela **p.104:** Rob Corddry photo for illustration, Matt Carr/Getty Images

CLOTHING CREDITS

p.94: (Clockwise from bottom right) On Ann-Marie: Shimmi one piece, \$240; Report Signature boots, \$210, shopbop.com; Joe's pants, \$98, joesjeans.com; Gap hat, \$30, and plaid scarf, \$20, Gap stores; legwarmers, \$16, americanapparel.com; On Jeff: John Varvatos sweater, \$598, johnvarvatos.com; Quiksilver ski pants, \$150, quiksilver.com; The Frye Company boots, \$328, thefryecompany.com; On Sam: leggings, \$28, Kimchi Blue tank, \$38, urbanoutfitters.com; On James: Charles & ½ leather jacket, \$98, urbanoutfitters.com; Calvin Klein thermal, \$30, macys.com; Burberry Sport trousers, \$325, burberry.com; Vans Jamie Lynn snowboard boot, \$219, vanssnow.com; H&M scarf, \$15, H&M stores; On Autumn: The Lake and Stars bodysuit, \$68, thelakeandstars.com; H&M vest, \$30, H&M stores;

socks, \$15, americanapparel.com; Digby & Iona necklace, \$230, digbyandiona.com; Pajar boot, \$555, endless.com; BDG gloves, \$ urbanoutfitters.com; On Jeff: LMaffair tee, \$45, LMaffair.com; B ski pant, \$320, burton.com; Quiksilver beanie, \$24, and goggles, quiksilver.com; On Sam: Sofia by VIX bikini, \$94, vixswimwear.com; Adrienne Landau earmuffs and scarf, 212.695.8362; Manitobah Mukluks boot, \$610, endless.com; On Ann-Marie: pants, \$78, leg warmers, \$16, americanapparel.com; C&C California tank, \$58, candccalifornia.com; Michael Antonio boots, \$82, endless.com; Ro gloves \$35, roxy.com; On James: The North Face jacket, \$229, thenorthface.com; Burberry vest, \$450, burberry.com; Bambu Apparel tee, \$45, bambu.com; Levi's jeans, \$46, levi.com **p.95:** (Bottom right) On Autumn: H&M shorts, \$50, H&M stores; Reple scarf, \$125, shop.replay.it; Digby & Iona necklace, \$270, digbyandiona.com; socks, americanapparel.com; Tecnica boots, \$400, endless.com **p.96:** (Clockwise from bottom right) On Ann-Marie: Beach bikini, \$229, beachbunnyswimwear.com; R.J. Graziano bangles, 212.685.3737; On James: Paul Smith swim trunks, approx. \$199, paulsmith.co.uk; Calvin Klein Underwear white V-neck, \$30 (pack three), ck.com; On Sam: Caffé bikini, \$172, swimwearboutique.com; Ettika necklaces (worn as bracelets), \$55, ettika.com; On Jeff: Co USA shirt, \$79, cockpit.usa.com; Adidas boardshorts, \$35, adidas.com; On Autumn: Vitamin A by Amahlia Stevens tunic, \$252, atlantabes.com; On Autumn: Jenna de Rosnay one-piece, \$145, 212.684.033; Allison Daniel cuff, \$25, allisondanieldesigns.com; On Jeff: Supert tee, \$24, urbanoutfitters.com; Zegna Sport boardshorts, \$175, zegna.com; On James: Original Penguin shirt, \$69, originalpenguin.com; boardshorts, \$52, macys.com; On Ann-Marie: Shimmi bikini, \$18, shopbop.com; Jantzen goggles, \$19, swimoutlet.com; On Sam: L by Lisa Cibrinha bikini, \$178, available at Olive and Bette's, New York City; On Sam: Red Carter swim shorts, Salon 9 (212.354.9220); C vanni hat, \$58, Dillards.com; Soho Hearts necklace, \$60, sohohearts.com **p.97:** On Jeff: Polo Ralph Lauren polo, \$98, ralphlauren.com; Sundek boardshorts, \$125, bloomingdales.com.

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Legal Notice

Legal

If You Paid Unauthorized Charges for Jamster Mobile Content (such as Ringtones, Games, or Graphics) on Your Wireless Telephone Bill

You May Receive a Refund From a Class Action Lawsuit

This notice is to inform you of the proposed Settlement of several similar lawsuits relating to allegations of unauthorized charges associated with the sale, marketing and billing of Jamster mobile content such as ringtones to wireless telephone subscribers.

What Is Jamster Mobile Content?

Mobile content is a product (such as ringtones, games, or graphics) purchased and downloaded to your wireless device. Jamster markets and sells this type of content.

Who Is Involved?

The class consists of: All persons in the United States who, at any time from March 2001 to November 17, 2009, were subscribed to or have paid for a Jamster mobile content service plan or Jamster services or content.

What Is The Case About?

Plaintiffs claim that Jamster advertised that customers could receive a free ringtone, but when the customer tried to get the ringtone they were required to purchase a single ringtone, but when the customer tried to get the ringtone they were subscribed to a plan with recurring charges without their knowledge. Plaintiffs have also sued AT&T and T-Mobile, alleging, among other things, that they failed to verify that Jamster charges were authorized by customers and that they did not adequately describe such charges on customers' bills. The Defendants deny these claims but are settling to avoid the burden and costs of continued litigation.

What Are The Terms Of The Settlement?

As part of the agreement, Jamster is offering to provide customers with refunds for payments they made for unauthorized charges of mobile content purchases made from March 8, 2001 to November 17, 2009, for each wireless telephone line, regardless of the wireless carrier, subject to a cap of three monthly subscription charges. Jamster has also agreed to provide information about subscriptions in its advertisements and to continue to provide a way for customers to be able to address billing issues and to cancel subscriptions.

Who Represents Me?

The Court has appointed attorneys to represent you at no cost to you. The attorneys will request an award of attorneys' fees and expenses not to exceed \$3.65 million. An award for attorneys' fees or expenses will not reduce the amount available for refunds. The Court has also appointed eight representatives who will each request an award of \$5,000 for their services. You may hire your own attorney, but only at your own expense.

What Are My Legal Rights?

- **Stay in the Settlement.** You do not have to do anything to stay in the class. You give up your right to sue and are bound by all Court orders. You must send in a Claim Form to receive a Refund.
- **Submit a Claim Form.** If you wish to file a claim, you must complete a Claim Form stating that you paid for unauthorized charges for Jamster mobile content. Claim Forms **must** be sent in online, postmarked, or otherwise received by the Claims Administrator by **May 14, 2010**.
- **Exclude yourself** ("opt out") from the Settlement. A written request for exclusion must be submitted to the Claims Administrator postmarked by **May 3, 2010**. You retain your right to sue but you will not get a refund as a result of this Settlement.
- **Object and remain in the Settlement.** A written objection must be postmarked by **May 3, 2010**. You and/or your lawyer have the right to appear before the Court and object to the proposed Settlement.

When Will The Court Consider The Proposed Settlement?

The Court will decide whether to approve the Settlement and attorneys' fees and expenses at a Fairness Hearing held on **June 18, 2010**. The Court will consider any comments or objections at that time. Do not call the Court for information about this Settlement or litigation.

**For complete information and a Claim Form:
Visit: www.JamsterMarketingLitigation.com**

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AskCharli

For a Healthier, Stronger Climax and Overall Sexual Experience

The Scoop: vol. 39 Learning "the Ropes"

This month I received a letter from a regular contributor of mine. She tells of her "little secret" that has changed her love life and led to life-changing, mind-blowing sex with her partner.

Dear Charli,

I have read your pieces and I had to contribute! Last month my husband returned from a business trip and he was hotter and hornier than I have ever seen him. He had more desire and more energy, sexually, than he had ever had before. I mean ever! It was unbelievable. I slept for 12 hours.

During the sex, his orgasm seemed more intense than ever before, and, because his newfound vigor and passion excited me too, we both enjoyed it so much that we continued having sex another two times. He is 42! That isn't supposed to happen.

We have tried things in the past to spice up our love life and the results were "just alright." I knew that he had tried something and he was just trying to surprise me so I asked him what it was that made him, as he proudly put it, the king of the bedroom.

He explained that his partner had pulled out a bottle and gave it to him on the last night of their trip. The bottle is a natural supplement that the nutritionist told him would give him the most intense climax (not how he put it) he had ever had. My husband started taking the supplement every day and **we continue to have amazing, mind-blowing sex.** He said it is a prostate supplement called ZedRex and that it helps with a lot of things (my favorite; incredible sex). Oddly enough, he also isn't waking up in the middle of the night to go to the bathroom. I didn't know the prostate was responsible for so much.

Charli, have you heard of ZedRex, because I think your readers need to know about it?! It has changed our sex life and when you're having amazing sex, everything else just seems to fall into place, relationship-wise.

Sincerely,

Michelle-in Austin, TX

Michelle,

It just so happens that I have heard of it. A previous partner of mine had it and we too, had great sex. Unfortunately, our entire relationship was based on our incredible sex and there wasn't much substance otherwise. That was quite a two month run we had in the bedroom, though! Most women that have commented on this product have said that just one tablet each day gives their partner the "roping" effect that you described.

The place to get ZedRex is MyZedRex.com or call 888-4ZEDREX. I did a little research and ZedRex is an all-natural supplement and the **enhanced contractions and heightened orgasmic release are often referred to as "ropes"** because of the rope-like effect of release during climax. In other words, it just keeps "coming and coming," bringing a whole new meaning to the term simultaneous-climax. From my experience with my previous lover I know that every woman out there should talk to her partner about experiencing sex with ZedRex.

That's the scoop, ladies. Get your man on ZedRex. It will change your sex-life! Thank you so much for writing Michelle, and reminding me to bring this amazing solution to the attention of my readers!

Charli

Charli is a freelance editor and writer in the categories of fitness, sex, and romance.

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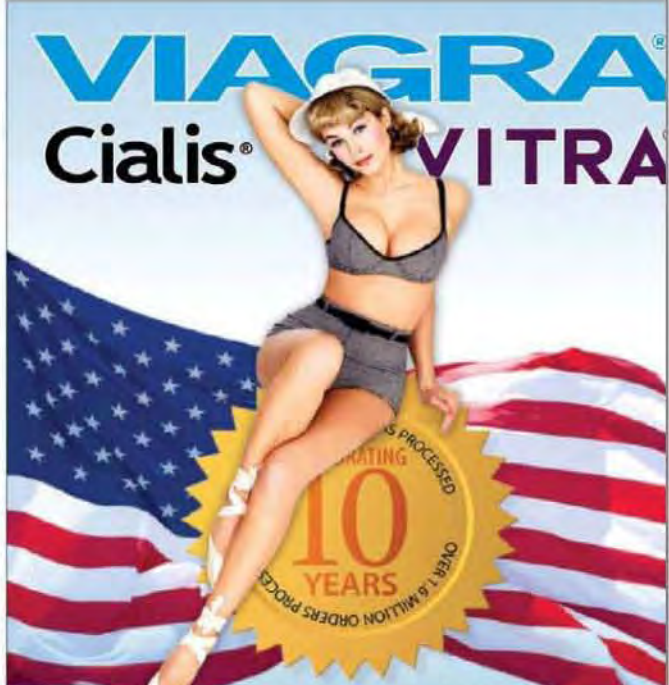
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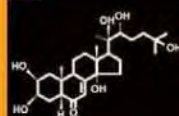
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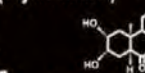
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How does Harbor Freight Tools sell high quality tools at such ridiculously low prices? We buy direct from the factories who also supply the major brands and sell direct to you. It's just that simple! Come see for yourself at one of our 330 STORES NATIONWIDE and use this 20% OFF Coupon on any of our 7,000 products, plus pick up a FREE 9 LED Aluminum Flashlight. No Strings Attached, No Purchase Required! We stock Automotive products, Shop Equipment, Hand Tools, Tarps, Compressors, Air & Power Tools, Material Handling, Woodworking Tools, Welders, Tool Boxes, Outdoor Equipment, Generators, and much more.

NOBODY BEATS OUR QUALITY, SERVICE AND PRICE!

✓ We Have 10 Million Satisfied Customers

✓ We Buy Factory Direct and Pass the SAVINGS on to YOU!

✓ Shop & Compare Our Quality Brands Against Other National Brands

✓ Thousands of People Switch to Harbor Freight Tools Every Day!

✓ NO HASSLE RETURN POLICY

✓ Family Owned & Operated

LIFETIME WARRANTY
ON ALL HAND TOOLS!

SUPER COUPON!



FREE!

3-1/2" SUPER BRIGHT
NINE LED ALUMINUM
FLASHLIGHT

NO PURCHASE REQUIRED!

ITEM 65020

55720587

Cannot be used with any other discount or coupon. One coupon per customer. Coupon not valid on prior purchases. Offer good while supplies last. This coupon cannot be duplicated in any manner including photocopies and computer printouts. Original coupon must be presented in order to receive the free gift. Valid only in Retail Stores through 6/22/10. Limit one per customer.

SUPER COUPON!

20% OFF

Bring this coupon and Save 20% on one single item purchased at Harbor Freight Tools. Cannot be used on coupon. One coupon per purchase. One coupon per customer. Coupon not valid on prior purchases or purchase of extended service plans. Offer good on in-stock merchandise only. Savings discount pertains to current prices, including sale prices. This coupon cannot be duplicated in any manner including photocopies. Original coupon must be presented in order to receive the discount. All Campbell Household and this offer. This offer is not valid on food or beverage items sold in our retail stores. Valid only in Retail Stores.

56641232

See HarborFreightusa.com/maxim for additional SUP

SUPER COUPON!

**3000 LB. CAPACITY
LIGHTWEIGHT
ALUMINUM
RACING JACK**

U.S. GENERAL

Item 91039 shown

\$59.99

LOT NO. 91039/67408 REG. PRICE \$99.99

46210453

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
These valuable coupons are only good when presented at your nearest Harbor Freight Tools store. Offer Ends 6/22/10.
Coupons valid in Retail Store Only. Coupon not valid on prior purchases. Coupon cannot be bought, sold, or transferred. This coupon cannot be duplicated in any manner including photocopies and computer printouts. Original coupon must be presented in order to receive the discount.

SAVE \$40

SUPER COUPON!

**CENTRAL PNEUMATIC
2 HP, 8 GALLON, 115 PSI
PORTABLE AIR
COMPRESSOR**

Item 95386 shown

LOT NO. 95386/40400/67501

\$79.99 REG. PRICE \$139.99

56010213

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
These valuable coupons are only good when presented at your nearest Harbor Freight Tools store. Offer Ends 6/22/10.
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SAVE \$60

SUPER COUPON!

**MULTIFUNCTIONAL
POWER TOOL**

CHIC Electric

LOT NO. 67256

\$39.99 REG. PRICE \$59.99

27246667

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
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SAVE \$20

SUPER COUPON!

**11 DRAWER
ROLLER
CABINET**

STOREHOUSE

LOT NO. 67421

\$149.99 REG. PRICE \$289.99

41474784

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
These valuable coupons are only good when presented at your nearest Harbor Freight Tools store. Offer Ends 6/22/10.
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SAVE \$140

SUPER COUPON!

**CHICAGO
Electric Power Tools
10" SLIDING
COMPOUND
MITER SAW**

Item 98199 shown

LOT NO. 98199/90891/96697

\$79.99 REG. PRICE \$139.99

50917053

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
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SAVE \$60

SUPER COUPON!

**CENTRAL PNEUMATIC
HIGH SPEED
MITER SAW**

Item 113 shown

LOT NO. 113/91753

\$99.99 REG. PRICE \$149.99

90863576

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
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SAVE 66%

SUPER COUPON!

**11 DRAWER
ROLLER
CABINET**

INCLUDES:
• 6 Drawer Top Chest
• 2 Drawer Middle Section
• 3 Drawer Roller Cabinet

LOT NO. 67421

\$149.99 REG. PRICE \$289.99

41474784

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
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SAVE \$140

SUPER COUPON!

**Pittsburgh
9 PIECE HIGHLY
POLISHED COMBINATION
WRENCH SETS**

SAE - LOT NO. 42304
METRIC - LOT NO. 42305

YOUR CHOICE!

\$6.99 REG. PRICE \$9.99

36266540

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
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SAVE 30%

SUPER COUPON!

**CAMOUFLAGE 12 VOLT 3000 LB.
WIRELESS REMOTE CONTROLLED
PORTABLE WRENCH**

CHIC Electric

LOT NO. 95912

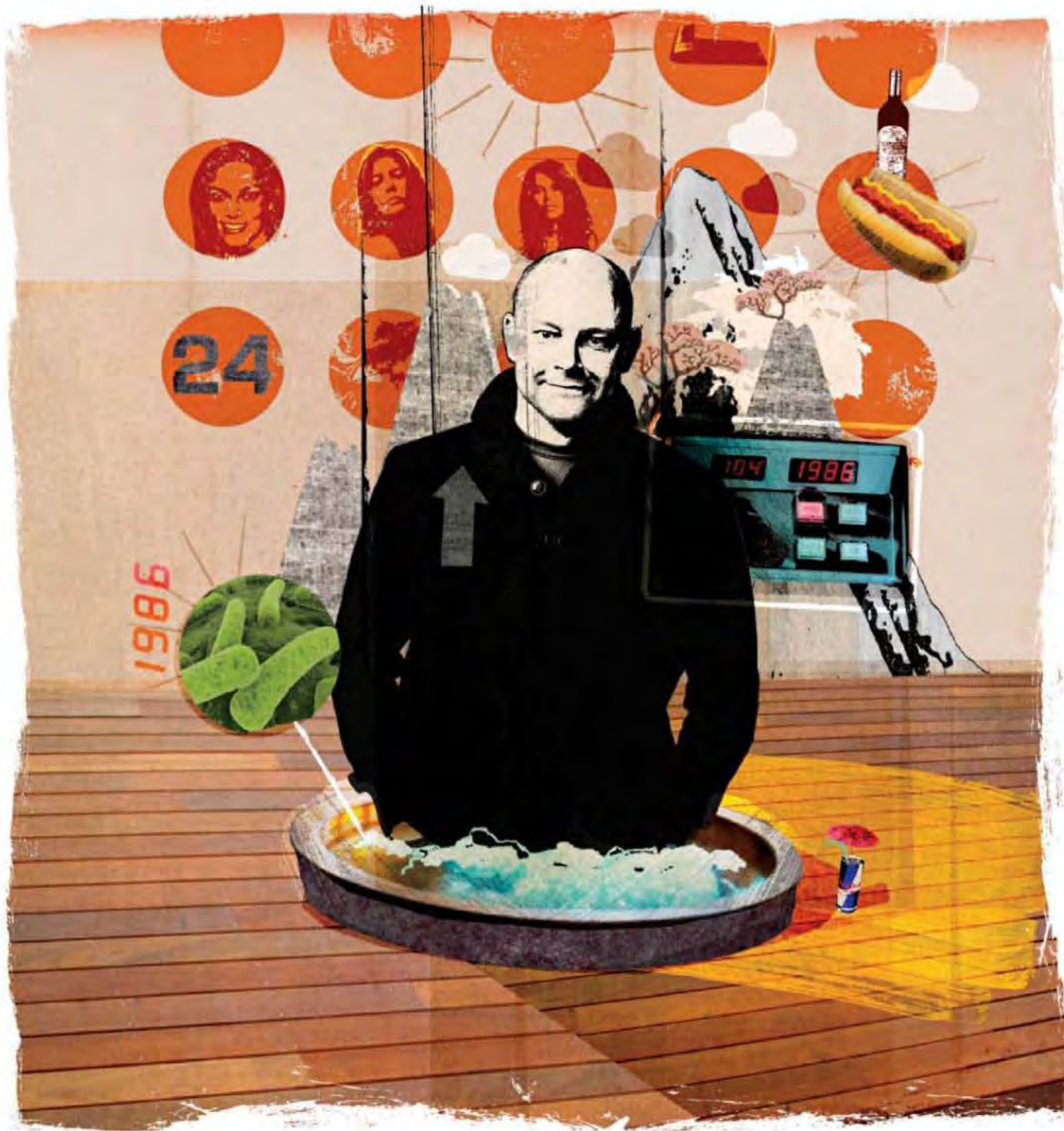
\$49.99 REG. PRICE \$79.99

74126459

HARBOR FREIGHT TOOLS - LIMIT 1
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SAVE \$30

We Will Beat Any Competitor's Price Within 1 Year Of Purchase



ROB CORDDRY

THE *DAILY SHOW* ALUM AND HOT TUB TIME MACHINE STAR GETS DEEP ON HIS FINAL DAY.

Got any deathbed confessions?
I'm bald.

Will you be going to heaven or hell?
Heaven and hell are antediluvian ideas. They defy reason and are speculative. That said, when I die I shall rest a fortnight in the cloud forest of Veeva until the Temporal Spectre of Assides takes me to the Realm of White on his Time-Toboggan. Duh.

For me the anticipation of relaxing in a hot tub always outshines the reality. A lot of weird microscopic shit can live in 104-degree water.

Would you count drinking Red Bull 'n' vodka in a hot tub with John Cusack among your top achievements?
When I saw *Say Anything*...I remember thinking, Man, how much would I like to suck down an energy drink

What's your last meal?
A hot dog from Gray's Papaya in Manhattan and a Far Niente cabernet.

Out of all the comics you've worked with, which one would you most like to take with you beyond the grave?
Can we create a Craig Robinson-Zach Galifianakis Frankenstein monster? How handsome would that guy be?

wife, always. I really, really like her. And I would love to go on a serial Keira Knightley, Jessica Biel, Kate Beckinsale boning spree. By the way, in retrospect, would it have killed my first girlfriend, Mary, to give it a try? Sorry, Mary. Good seeing you last summer. Love to Geoff and the kids.

What are people saying over your casket?

THE NIGHTSTER® STARTING AT \$9,999*



about **Six bucks** a day.

**CHEAPER THAN YOUR SMOKE,
A SIX PACK, A LAP DANCE, A BAR
TAB, ANOTHER TATTOO, A PARKING
TICKET, A GAS STATION BURRITO,
CHEAP SUNGLASSES, BAIL, MORE**



UNSTABLE.
VOLATILE.
DANGEROUS.

AND THAT'S
JUST THE CHEMISTRY.

³⁵Br^{eaking}
⁵⁶Ba^d



"DARK, WITTY, WEIRD AND ADDICTIVE" - ROLLING STONE

New Season MARCH 21

Sundays 10/9c

amc

Story
Matt